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THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

April . 1889.

The Nineteenth Century is Woman's Century.—Victor Hugo.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO ART LITERATURE BIOGRAPHY HOME SCIENCE AND WOMAN'S WORK

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ESTHER T. HOUSH, Editor. FRANK E. HOUSH & CO., Publishers, Brattleboro, Vt.

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THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE SPRING-TIME OF LOVE.

LOVE'S CALL.

"I come to the heart like the Spring to the earth,
With welcome and gladness, with laughter and mirth;
I loosen the fetters of sorrow and care,
And waken the flowers of Hope, where'er
My arrow flies
'Neath sunny skies,
For Love must come, and Love will stay,
If the loving heart only says he may.

The arbutus stirs in its low, leafy bed,
The maples are lifting their crowns overhead;
And under the hedges the violet's eye
Opens to greet me as I pass by;
Sunny the skies,
My arrow flies
Swift to thy waiting heart, my dear!
Hasten to give me a word of cheer!

Like the life that climbs to the branches old,
Unrolling the leaflets, fold on fold,
As song in the silence, as voice to the dumb,
So thy heart so still, oh Love, I come!
For two, you see,
Must love, ah me!
And Love unmated, not Love is he,
But only a spring-time fantasy."

LOVE'S ANSWER.

"The mosses are wreathing the earth's damp mold,
The grasses are gleaming with stars of gold;
There is life and beauty everywhere,
And life is gladness when love we share,
'For two, you see,
Must love, ah me!'
And Love has come and Love will stay,
For the loving heart has said he may."

E. G. H.

THE MISSION OF THE EASTER SONG.

ANNA E. MILLER.

THE choir in the Broad Street church were practising Easter anthems. Sweet and clear were the strains that floated out into the midst of the noise and bustle of the city street. I wonder if, among all those whose voices mingled in that chorus of praise, a single one was conscious of its influence upon the busy throng outside. Any one who had cared to watch the faces that came within hearing of the music, might have guessed at its power, for sad faces brightened, thoughtless ones grew serious, and even hard ones softened. It is true that many gave no sign of hearing, but perhaps now and then one of these carried away with him a memory that made him vaguely discontented with the wrong in his life.

Just around the corner from the great church, and a little way down the narrow street, in the doorway of a smoky little shop, stood another whose ear had caught the sound of singing. It was a girl of about sixteen, upon whose plain face and awkward figure the general dinginess of her surroundings appeared to have settled. She was the clerk in Gray's store—"a queer little thing," as everybody called her, diffident and sensitive, realizing her lack of attractiveness, and growing more awkward and reserved every day in consequence. Yet deep down within her heart, there was an intense love for beautiful things, above all, for music; though it sometimes seemed to Sall as if nothing beautiful was meant for her; and the idea that she ever had done or could do anything noble—anything worthy of admiration, did not enter her mind. And all the while she was tenderly caring for the poor, over-worked mother, now in feeble health, whose eyes brightened every time they rested upon the face of her only child. But no one knew of that, at least none thought of it (least of all Sall herself), unless it might have been old Mr. Gray, at whom every body had wondered for taking "such a stupid thing" into his employ. But trade was never brisk at Gray's, and the few regular customers who still bought his old-fashioned goods at old-fashioned prices, soon grew accustomed to the odd, slow ways of the little clerk, learning to expect that, whatever was called for, she would spend a certain length of time in hunting for it, and as much more in calculating its cost. But, as she always found the article in question, and as she never made any mistake in the change, they soon ceased to conplain, and Sall became a fixture in the little shop.

PRESERVATION MASTER
AT HARVARD

People called her eyes dull; and so they were, usually, but they were large and dark, and if you had seen them as she stood listening in the doorway on that lowery, April afternoon, you would have said they were beautiful. The girl's very soul seemed to be looking out of them. She could not have told why she cared so much. She only knew that the music changed the shop, the street, the whole dreary city, into—oh, such a beautiful place! like her precious memories of the few days she had spent in the country; where the skies were blue and the air sweet; and where one might even walk on the soft grass and pick here and there a flower. It was like Heaven, she was sure, and she never thought of it without longing to be good enough to live there always. As the music ceased, she turned and went into the dark, disorderly store; but the sweet strains rang in her ears, and tangled themselves up with her thoughts all the afternoon. She had been well taught, she knew the meaning of the Easter celebration, better, perhaps, than many with quicker minds. And as she thought about it, a great longing grew and grew within her. If *she* could only sing His praises! How she despised her poor, plain little self, and her harsh voice. But there was no part in all this time of rejoicing for her; she had not even so much as a white lily to help in the decoration of the church for the next day. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing," had been the verse in her little book for that morning. Even they could praise Him—someway, she did not know how. But she—she was only Sall Jones.

Suddenly her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the mocking voice of Belle Saunders (they were in the same Sunday School class). "Ho, Cinderella, Cinderella!" she called in at the door, "Are these your coaches out here?" casting a mischievous glance at the pile of carts and rocking horses, that half covered the narrow pavement, while the laugh of her companions floated back as they hastened away.

Poor Sall! A dangerous fire glowed in her eyes, her breath came hurriedly, and the thin, brown hands were tightly clutched behind the counter. How she hated, *hated*, HATED that girl!

Belle was the only daughter in a wealthy home; bright, pretty and admired. She had an eye for the comical side of things; and thought "that Sall was just too funny for anything." I do not think she ever knew how she hurt the little shop-girl with her careless jests. How should she know of the longing that filled Sall's heart and made it sore and sensitive? Belle was thoughtless, that is all. But grievous wrong is often done in this world through thoughtlessness.

The storm in Sall's heart raged uncontrolled, till suddenly an echo of the Easter hymn started up out of her memory. She stopped short, conscious that with such feelings in her heart, she was farther than ever from pleasing the Lord. She sighed, for it seemed to her that she could never, never forgive her enemy. She waited absently on her customers —they were not many—leaning on the counter between times, and watching through the smoky windows the lengthening shadows. Just across the street was an open space, leading down to an arm of the river known as "The Basin;" a famous place for skaters in the winter; and a favorite haunt of the small boys of the neighborhood at all seasons. Three or four newsboys were there now, throwing sticks into the water, and trying to drive a poor, little, half-starved dog in after them. The little fellows from the Kindergarten at the corner, who had slipped into the street while waiting for the carriage, heard the shouts and ran down to see the fun. Sall started as she recognized little four-year-old Bennie Saunders, and one of his play-fellows. The hate welled up in her heart afresh. She knew they were not in a safe place, though she had no thought of special danger as she watched them draw nearer and nearer the water's edge.

All at once a whistle sounded on the river; and in a twinkling the larger boys were off up the street to the wharf to watch the landing of the steamer. They were not the only ones who found amusement in this daily event; for Mill Street was often almost deserted when "The America" came in. Only for a few moments till the stream of people from the boat, began to fill it fuller than it had been all day. Only for a few moments, but time enough for so much to happen. Who was there to see what the newsboy himself did not stop to notice, that in his haste to be first at the landing, he had knocked against little Bennie Saunders? Who was there to hear the splash and the scream as he fell into the water? None but our Sall, and she was alone in the shop, for Mr. Gray had just been called out. At the sight and the sound, she shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. Only for the brief instant, however, in the next she had rushed across the street, waded into the water, and caught up the child before he had sunk the second time. And then the coachman, guided by the cries of Bennie's little playmate, came driving down the street. It is well he found them then, for, with the weight of the child and her own wet clothing, Sall was almost overcome.

Of the joy and gratitude of Bennie's parents, when they learned of their darling's narrow escape; of how Belle went with them to Sall's little home, and of how, among them all, they nearly overwhelmed its two quiet inmates, the proud, happy mother and her little daughter, there is scarce time to speak.

Sall had conquered her real enemy, the hate in her heart; and had found friends to brighten her dull life, besides.

The most beautiful Easter Lilies found their way to her wiudow that night, and filled it with their delicate beauty for many a day thereafter. She carried a great bunch of them to church the next morning, but the victory she had gained over self was sweeter incense than the fragrance of ten thousand lilies. And of all the music that filled the air that day, none was more pleasing to "Him who sitteth upon the throne," than the song of love and thankfulness that sang itself over and over again in the heart of little Sall Jones.

SOME FAVORITE AUTHORS.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

IT is a curious thing to recall how one became acquainted with certain books. If they were personages, which indeed they are in the best sense, the circumstances could hardly be more interesting. For instance, Wordsworth's poems; my mother knew some of them by heart, and used to repeat them to me with her marvelous powers of interpretation; indeed, beyond any other amateur reader that I have ever

heard, she is an interpreter, which is the highest praise that reading can receive. But to know Wordsworth never fell to my lot until in 1859, when Prof. Wm. D. Godman of the Northwestern University, his department being English Literature, gave a lecture on the great laureate that delighted me immeasurably, and I proceeded forthwith to the University library, and for some months his complete works were my most attractive literary companions. It was my custom to transcribe the passages which gave me especial pleasure, into the journals which I kept at great length in those days, and by this means were imprinted on my memory some of the choicest thoughts and images that ever cheered a soldier on a field of battle, or a dreamer lying under the trees and looking out on the wide waters of an inland sea.

Then, there was the journal of Eugenie De Guerin, a French girl, living in obscurity, whose journal was pure as a snowdrop, fresh as a violet, and refreshing as the morning dew. She was a girl who in a few strokes could describe a cricket so as to make of him a wonderful character, to whom the humblest voices in field and grove had a more eloquent language than most people ever discover their vernacular to be, and a sense of God so strong that every utterance is saturated with tokens of it.

Then there is a little book by William C. Gannett, that was brought to my knowledge by my delicate-natured friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrews, an orthodox of the orthodox, and yet this little book, "The Faith that Makes Faithful," is purely Unitarian. But it says in style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit your meanness." The book was such a help to me in my endeavor to quit my own, that I wrote a little notice of it in some paper, and a young Methodist minister, seeing what I had said, sent for the book, then sent me a reproving line because, he said, I had misled him, he did not wish to read the writings of a Unitarian, and wondered that a Methodist like me would speak of them with praise. Whereupon I wrote back to him mildly, inquiring if he had never received benefit from the sayings of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, if he had not in his classic course at college, spent considerable time over the writings of Unitarians who lived in Greece and Rome, and if a man who wrote so reverently of God, and so helpful of our duties to our fellow men in the days in which we live, was to be cast out of the synagogue because he lived in the Nineteenth century, rather than in the last before Christ or the first after him. At this, the young man had the grace to write again, telling me that he looked upon himself as an inpertinant, and though I had thought so when the first note came, I was well assured that he was not, when I had read the second.

There is Frances Power Cobbe's "Duties of Women," one of the noblest of character building books, but she is a Unitarian, and a good Bishop wrote me that he could not see the propriety of such commendations as our publishing house had given to such a work. He did not know that Miss Cobbe had been so kind as to allow the expurgation of two sentences, one relating to the use of wine, another of an agnostic character, the only two by which any one could prove that possibly she might not be a White Ribboner, and a most devout one at that, for she is a great student of the Bible, and quotes its inspired language on almost every page.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

E. T. H.

ONE day last autumn, while looking from the upper windows of a lovely home in Rutland, Vermont, at the entire circle of hills keeping guard over the valley where the village nestles like a cradled darling of the Green Mountain State, our friend said, "Over there is 'The Maples,' the home of Mrs. Dorr." Only the grove of maples, yet fresh with the greenness of su nmer, lit here and there with the crimson plumes and golden banners of autumn; only the bound of hills, and the blue sky, all so dear to her; but these brought her nearer, and we seemed to hear

> —"the softest breath of singing
> As if lily bells were ringing;—
> And from all the happy closes,
> Crowned with daisies, crowned with roses,

the songs of *her* "soul's best blossoming," filled the air with melody. We thought of the mother-

heart whose little ones left a place the grown children could not fill, and her plaintive calling:

" O sailors, sailing north,
Where the wild white surges roar,
And fierce winds and strong winds
Blow down from Labrador—
Have you seen my three brave laddies,
My merry, red-cheeked laddies,
Three bold, adventurous laddies,
On some tempestuous shore?

O sailors, sailing south,
Where the seas are calm and blue,
And light clouds, and soft clouds,
Are floating over you,
Say, have you seen my laddies,
My three bright, winsome laddies,
My brown-haired, smiling laddies,
With hearts so leal and true?
. . . . . .
There are three men who love me,
Three men with bearded lips;
But oh! ye gallant sailors
Who sail the sea in ships—
In elf-land or in cloud-land,
Or on the dreamland shore,
Can you find the little laddies
Whom I can find no more?
Three quiet, thoughtful laddies,
Three merry, winsome laddies,
Three rollicking, frolicking laddies
On any far-off shore?"

These verses have a thought for mothers who do not enjoy to the fullest the child-life of their children. Not even " three *men* who love me," grown to honored places in life, usurped a day of memory' calendar.

Choicest among her poems is "The Fallow Field," a song sung by the field itself to the sympathetic heart. All about were the acres of corn and wheat. The " shout of the harvesters " and " the rush of the swinging steel," made musical the air, that lifted only the breath of the violet, or wild sweet-fern from the unbroken soil.

" Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine,
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed:
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden rod."

Mrs. Dorr is of Puritan ancestry, and has been singularly blest in all her home relations, and her restful, beautiful home. Her first venture in the literary field was a novel, which came from the press of D. Appleton & Co., in 1854, with the title " Farmingdale," and under the *non-de-plume* of "Caroline Thomas." Two years later " Lanmere" was published under her own name. She married in 1847, and the care of the " three brave laddies " and the home, prevented any consecutive literary work. But the " unsung songs" were gathering in sweetness, and now and then burst out into melody. In 1869, she published " Sibyl Huntington," a novel; in 1872, " Poems " was issued; the next year, " Expiation;" in 1879, " Friar Anselmo and other poems; " in 1882, " Daybreak;" in 1884, " Bermuda;" and in 1885, " Afternoon Songs."

There is much pathos in the title of this last book. As if she thought her busy life was nearly finished, —a loss, we hope, far to be in the future, for earth can illy spare her translations of the inner language of nature, and her revelations of the hidden spirit of beauty, whose trailing robes are in air, on tree and sky. Yet from the richness of a long life, she says:

" It is mid-afternoon. Long, long ago
Each morning-glory sheathed the slender horn,
It blew so gayly on the hills of morn,
And fainted in the noontide's fervid glow.

Gone are the dew-drops from the rose's heart—
Gone with the freshness of the early hours—
The songs that filled the air with silver showers,
The lovely dreams that were of morn a part.

Yet still in tender light the garden lies,
The warm, sweet winds are whispering soft and low,
Brown bees and butterflies flit to and fro;
The peace of heaven is in the o'er-arching skies.

And here be four-o'clocks, just opening wide
Their many-colored petals to the sun,
As glad to live as if the evening dun
Were far away, and morning had not died."

It is said of Mrs. Dorr's writings, that " she has waited upon her singing moods, and not forced them to do her bidding." This, it seems to us, is the secret of the marvelous power her poems have, the unbroken chain of melodious thoughts, as if they sang themselves, and she only held the pen.

The saddest poem of hers we have seen is

"SUMMER, 1882.

R. W. E.

O Summer, thou fair laggard, where art thou?
In what far sunlit land of balm and bloom,
What slumbrous bowers of beauty and perfume,
Are roses crowning thine imperial brow?

Where art thou, Summer? We should see thy feet
Even now upon the mountains. All the hills
Rise up to greet thee. Nature's great heart thrills,
Faint with expectant joy. Where art thou, sweet?

And Summer answered: Lo! I wait! I wait!
To the far North I bend my listening ear;
By day, by night, my soul keeps watch to hear
One high, clear strain that rises soon nor late!

Why should I haste where light and song have fled?
The 'Woodnotes' wake no more the Master's lyre;
The 'haughty day' fills no 'blue urn with fire,'
When its great lover lieth cold and dead!"

Mrs. Dorr brings many graces to the social life of Rutland, when that village is privileged to hold her. "The Fortnightly" receives an inspiration from her presence, and her church societies are proud to number her among them. Her free access to the advisory column of *The Century* in "Open Letters," has given many a helpful thought to the varied work of women. Now it is the "Village Improvement Club" that claims her attention, then the neglect of women to make their social conditions elevating. In a late article of this sort,—"Fifty Tucks instead of One," she says: "One does not need to be a Mrs. Methuslah to remember the breeze that stirred the waters of domestic life when the sewing-machine first became an actual, practical fact, and the world began to realize that a new and positive working power was at hand. It was, to begin with, a real godsend to the gentlemen of the press. Such eloquent paragraphs as they scattered broadcast from Dan to Beersheba! The emancipation of women from the drudgery of the needle—what a theme it was for the glowing pens of the young journalist of, say, twenty years ago! There were to be no more 'Songs of the Shirt;' no more pallid women in dreary attics, stitching away for dear life between the daylight and the dark. . . . . Poets sang praises to it, and in the plainest prose, manufacturers and agents told us what it could accomplish. . . . . Some of the brethren took another tack, and wondered what this evil world was coming to. The weaker sex were constitutionally lazy,—as every one knew. American women, especially, were always ready to shirk their duties and responsibilities. Had they not forgotten how to spin and to weave? And now if they were to give up the sharp, disciplining needle, well might the lover of his country stand aghast.

. . . . . .

That was the dream of twenty-five years ago. Has it gone by contrairies, like other dreams, or has it come true? How is it, O my country-women? Have we any more leisure than we used to have? Or do we put *fifty tucks* where we used to put one, and find a dozen ruffles indispensable where two used to suffice—to say nothing of the fact that we make garments by dozens, where we used to make them by pairs?

. . . . . .

Tucks are not all alike, by any means; and they are not all made on the sewing machine. Tucks mean one thing to me, and another to you, and still another to our neighbor. We have our own little private dictionary, every soul of us, in the pages of which, words bear the strangest and most contradictory significations. It would be laughable sometimes, and sometimes pitiable, if we could but read the definitions, never thought of by Worcester, Webster, or other authorities, that are given in these individual lexicons of ours, to this one word—tucks! What it means in mine I do not intend to say in this presence, nor what it means in yours. This is our secret, and we will keep it. But there are many women to whom it means just this: a relentless war with flies and dust, speckless windows, mirrors on the polished surfaces of which there is never a spot or blemish, and rooms too prim to be comfortable.

It means keeping the blessed children, with their toys and trumpery and pretty confusion, out of the parlor, little finger prints off the piano, and every daisy and buttercup off the carpet. To some it means the handsomest and costliest house in town, with the most elaborate furnishings, and perfection in every degree. It means the whitest and finest linen, the most lustrous silver, the daintiest china. To some, on the other hand, it means the saving of every penny, the adding of dollar unto dollar, no matter at what cost of health, and strength and womanly loveliness. To others it stands for the latest fashion, the last new wrinkle in drapery, the newest fancy in laces, or for whatever may chance to be the rage of the moment. To others still it means puff-paste and kickshaws, and all the countless dainty devices of the table that are a delight to the eye, but a weariness to the flesh."

WOMEN AS LITERARY FORCES.

THE present century has many distinguished traits, but in literature it will always be remembered as the epoch in which women first rose to a commanding influence. Here and there, in other centuries, single women have deserved praise for literary performance. But in this century many women have placed themselves in conspicuous lights as authors of prose and verse, and among the few names of authors which we are to transmit to far off ages as our best, the names of women are, perhaps, as numerous and conspicuous as those of men. If we try to select the six most eminent literary reputations of the country, we cannot leave out George Sand, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning. If we judge by popularity and apparent permanence, we cannot leave out Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is probably the most widely read book of the century.

It is noteworthy that these four maintain their grasp on the mind of the world in a breadth of influence which, until this century, no author ever obtained so soon. A half century goes back to or beyond the beginning of their literary careers; but the whole world knows them and each has had millions of readers living in many lands and speaking all the great living tongues. This kind of contemporaneous universality of influence is altogether new in our time, and it makes a severer test of merit than any former age has been able to use. It is well to observe, also, that the English and American women have gained most of these honors of wide appreciation. They have been more honorably and more fully admitted to the intellectual competitions of all kinds. The result is seen in many ways. In the first place, there is no longer any sense of sex quality in our literary estimates. We have very rapidly, in a score or so of years, outlived the old doubt of woman's literary capacity.

Another effect of the literary advancement of women, especially in literature, is that below the highest, the competitors for the book or periodical market are so largely women, that one must make an actual count to be sure that more men than women are contributors, novelists, poets, and press workers with the pen. Probably men still outnumber the women; but think what a change is implied in the very asking of the question. It could not have been asked fifty years ago, for women authors were still curious exceptions to the general rule that authorship was the proper business—not strictly the exclusive privilege—of men.

Note, also, that the change on which we are looking, has been accompanied by the general opening of the doors of learning to women, and that this extension of the literary domain of women is only just beginning to produce its effects. We are looking in fact upon one of the stupendous movements of our century, and we hardly can guess where it may end. If, for example, women have so soon won the honors of equality in these competitions that sex has disappeared from our view—so that we no longer study whether an anonymous author be of one or the other sex—what a powerful influence for the elevation of literature, must flow from the unchallenged literary equality! And in this connection, note, also, that nearly all the impure literature has a masculine origin. Very little, even of the doubtful class of works, comes from feminine hands. And if we hesitate over such a work as "The Quick or the Dead," we do not as much as imagine that the gifted authoress has designed and loved to make impure suggestions. Of what man whose work suggests a similar doubt could we say, "He did not mean to suggest any improper thought or feeling?" In one word, women come into literature as a purer force, a force less liable to soil the mind and life of the reader. And the pure woman who wins a market for the products of her genius does by her very success diminish the market for tainted literary food. Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Amelia Barr, and a score like them, will cure the next generation of the bad appetite which makes some men call "Little Lord Fauntleroy" "*goody-goody*," and "Hans Vedder's Wife" "*too religious*." In short, women are purifying the largest of our modern streams of influence.—*The Chautauquan.*

GIVING AND TAKING, OR MISS PINGREY'S EXPERIMENT.

EMILY V. KEEVER.

I.

THE kitchen in which Matilda Pingrey sat one cool afternoon in November, could not, by any stretch of fancy, be called pleasant.

There were two west windows, and the sunlight streamed through them as well as it could, but truth compels the admission that Miss Pingrey had not washed them since the spring house-cleaning,

and they were decidedly dingy. A wild cucumber had climbed, bloomed, borne fruit, and now rattled its yellowish green bells, from which the seeds had fallen, against the window pane every time a puff of wind blew across the loose strings which were fastened to rows of rusty nails on either side.

Miss Matilda Pingrey really liked to hear the weird, scratchy sound on the glass—in fact she liked most things that other people didn't, and for this peculiar taste, and a few harmless idiosyncrasies, she was fast earning the opinion people generally expressed in speaking of her—that she was "odd."

On this particular afternoon she had made all arrangements for being comfortable, according to her understanding of the meaning of this word, which has to stand for such a variety of opinions.

A teapot was on the stove, the caddy on the hearth; a tea kettle, set well back, kept up a low, cheery little song, very suggestive of home comfort. A dilapidated rocking chair, covered with faded and ragged red calico, was drawn up before the stove, in which sat Miss Pingrey, with her feet in the oven. On a small table beside her were a sugar-bowl, cream-jug, a bottle of liquid bluing, some sheets of letter paper and a pen.

Miss Pingrey had lived all by her lone self for ten years, and had acquired the shocking habit of talking to herself.

Presently she sat down her cup and took up her pen:

"Sho, now, I didn't s'pose I'd ever git so out of the way of writin'. Used to be handy enough at it when I wrote a long love letter every week."

Here a long drawn sigh came which spoke volumes, and Miss Pingrey fell into a reverie, probably of the joyous spring-time of her life, when she was young, and loved and happy.

Just a week before, Miss Margaret Westville, the teacher of the village school, had spent the evening with her, and the letter, yet to be written, was the outcome of a conversation they held together on that evening, a conversation which had seemed to drift along of itself into certain channels, but which in its far-reaching results, helped to shape the earthly destiny of three persons. That was a raw, disagreeable afternoon, and Miss Pingrey was sitting much as now, in respect to her "comforts," only she looked paler, and had been indulging in the rare luxury of tears, when Miss Westville gave a brisk rap on the kitchen door, and in response to a rather lugubrious "come in," had tripped in so quickly that Miss Pingree was actually caught stuffing her damp handkerchief out of sight, quite to her own disgust.

Miss Westville was a quick-witted young woman, and so she chattered on seemingly unconscious of the fact that her call was inopportune.

"I expect that it is going to rain, but some way I felt that I must come and spend the evening with you, and have one of our good, cozy times. Jimmy Ryan will call for me at nine o'clock. I told Mrs. Ryan that most people got rather low-spirited when they have been as sick as you have, and really need a good deal of cheerful company. I do feel so at home here," she added, bustling about; "You've just spoiled me, Miss Pingrey, and so you mustn't complain if I do come pretty often."

"Did you know Fanny had gone home, Margaret?" asked Miss Pingrey, her voice quivering a little yet.

"Yes, I saw them drive by the school-house, and the thought popped into my head at once that I should not make my supper off fried potatoes and pork grease, in company with all the Ryans, little and big, but instead I should eat one or two of your mealy Ohios with cream gravy—and have some honey and several other good things; and best of all I should get the supper myself. It is such a treat once in a while to cook a little, and set the table, and play at being at home, you see. You don't know what a kindness it is to a homesick girl like me to have the run of your house. I sometimes catch myself saying:—'Ryans to the right of me, Ryans to the left of me,' etc. They are awful thick over there, Miss Pingrey, I feel the fact to be an *awful* one in every sense of the word. O, why didn't they elect you committee man—no, woman—and then I could have boarded with you?"

Poor Miss Pingrey smiled faintly, and the cloud lifted a little. She was wrapped in a faded old shawl, her hair was untidy, and she looked about as she felt, neglected and forlorn.

While she was trying to divert Miss Pingrey with her idle nonsense, Margaret had taken off her rubbers, hung up her waterproof and hat, filled up the stove with dry wood, and now she turned her bright face full on her friend:

"Now if we're to have baked potatoes and warm biscuit for supper, I shall have to shut this oven door. I'll get the stool for you. There now—isn't that all right? Where is my apron, I wonder! I really don't believe the Ryans would recognize their 'boarder,' as they always call me, you know, if they

should see me over here," and seizing a pan, she disappeared down the cellar stairs.

When she returned, Miss Pingrey was mistress of herself again, and ready to sustain her part in the conversation.

"Now the potatoes are in the oven and the teakettle filled, I know you want me to brush and comb your hair, and I will before I set the table."

There must have been magnetism in Margaret's fingers, for the lines of grief and care gradually faded under her gentle touch, and presently Miss Pingrey, though quiet and subdued in spirit, was restored to comparative cheerfulness.

"Such soft, beautiful hair as yours would be with a little care, ought never to be neglected," said Margaret, brushing deftly. "Two hundred strokes every night, is the rule, you know; but of course with your arms crippled up with rheumatism, you couldn't brush it half enough to bring out the gloss."

"And Fanny did snarl it up so I couldn't bear to have her touch a comb to my head," replied Miss Pingrey, pleased to have her hair, which was both long and abundant, admired.

After the nice supper was over, the dishes washed, the parlor lamp brought out and lighted, Miss Westville unrolled her crochet work, a beautiful shawl for her mother, Miss Pingrey felt that the proper time had arrived for her to unbosom her woes, and she began:

"I don't like to hear folks complain of their relations, as a rule, and I hain't never done much of it neither, no matter what I've thought, but something happened to-day that I'm going to tell you about, for I believe it'll do me good to tell some body, and I know I can trust you, Margaret. You know when I took cold picking up them cider apples three weeks ago Monday, after I'd been a washing, too, and the rheumatism set in, I sent Jacob over with the team to Reuben's to get Fanny to come and do the work and take care of me, I didn't need much waiting on, and you know how she let things go at loose ends; but that's neither here nor there.

I just wish, Margaret, you knew the favors I'd done for Reuben's folks, off and on for the last ten, yes, fifteen years. I've been there every time any of 'em was sick, and that was pretty often, and worked like a slave. Reuben never had any luck, and always was behind hand, so that I have really had to give 'em a great many things; generally ten bushels of potatoes towards spring, and apples right along; chickens, honey, and no end of things from the farm. Jerushy, his wife, is a great hand at hinting for things. They've got a large family, I know, but it does seem as though she needn't tew around all the time, don't it, now? But what I want to speak about most particular was my wool last summer. After clippin,' I took it to the factory myself and had beautiful flannel made, and I gave every one of 'em enough for two full suits of underwear all around, and last Christmas I gave Jerushy two pair of beautiful blankets. I could have sold the wool I've give them in the last two years for thirty dollars. To be sure I had lots of flannel that I kept, and I do believe they begrudged me my own flannel made from wool from my own sheep.

But as I was sayin,' Fanny came and done middlin' well for a girl of fifteen, that hadn't been regularly trained to work. I had a piece of nice bleached cotton in the house, and I showed her how to cut out some night-gowns, and gave her some lace to sew on the ruffles. I meant to pay the girl over and beyond what she earned. I never could bear to be beholden to anybody, and I shan't begin now, I guess; but Jerushy took a freak to send for her, and so Reuben came. I didn't object to her going, for I thought I could worry round and do considerable, and Jacob's wife could step in if I wanted her now and then. Well, after she got her things put up, her pa kind of waited and halted, and finnally stammered out:

'Well, Fanny, if your aunt has paid ye for yer work and nursin,' I guess we'd better be goin.'

Fanny didn't say anything, and after a minute I managed to say:—

'O, I guess we'd better settle up now, Fanny, and have done with it. I never have no debts anywhere—'tain't *my* way. About how much do I owe you?'

Reuben didn't give her a chance to answer, but spoke up quick:

'About five dollars'll make it square, I should judge.'

I got a five dollar bill and put it into Fanny's hand, and bid 'em good-bye cheerful and pleasant enough, but after they were gone, I set down and cried like a baby, Margaret; I did, and I don't 'spose any one can quite understand my feelings. You see when I was about twenty, I was engaged to be married, but that Fall father was thrown from a horse, and his leg was broken in two pieces, and then mother she had a stroke. So the wedding was postponed, and *he* went out to Wisconsin alone. The next year, father offered to have either one

of the boys come home, but they wouldn't, even when he said the farm should belong to the one who took care of them in their helplessness, for he never got real spry again. So I didn't see my way clear to go away, and Ezra, he got tired of waiting, I suppose; he married a Western widow, with four children; and for ten years I managed the farm, with father's advice, of course, but I worked like a slave. Up early and late, working in doors and out. Then father died, and left the farm to me, and a thousand dollars in money to each of us. The boys was dissatisfied, and I heard they talked with some lawyer or other about breakin' the will, but they didn't. Well, I ain't going to make a long story about this, but I didn't mind telling you, Margaret, that I've spent a dreadful unhappy afternoon, I feel as though I was of no use to any body. I believe the boys and their wives are just aching to get their hands on the farm, and my money in the bank. To tell the truth, I'm miserably lonesome here, living alone. Ten years of it has about satisfied me. I've stood it pretty well, but it kind of seems as though I was gettin' to the end. I don't know but it's a sign I ain't goin' to live much longer; what do you think about it, Margaret? I know you don't believe much in signs, but some signs do come true. I could tell of some that have, if I wanted to."

Miss Westville lifted a pair of beautiful, soft brown eyes to the elder woman's face, and had Miss Pingrey been able, she could have read in their quiet depths a world of tender sympathy and pity. A score of years lay between them, yet by nature, by education and knowledge of the world, Miss Westville was not illy fitted to be the guide and mentor of her friend.

To be Continued.

CHRISTUS RESURREXIT.

ESSIE M. HOWELL.

LET the joy bells ring again,
Over hill and dell and plain;
Men and angels swell the strain,
Till echoes catch the sweet refrain:
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

Sing each heart, a joyful lay,
On this glorious Easter Day;
For the stone is rolled away,—
Life hath gained the victory,
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

Chant your carols loud and clear,
That all the wide, wide world may hear:
Christ has left the tomb so drear,
And brought a free salvation near,
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

Death has lost its sting and pain,
Since Christ the crucified, and slain,
Has burst the fetter, and the chain,
And to His loved ones come again,
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

Up on high, He reigns a King;
To Him each heart, thine honors bring;
And His transcendent glories sing,
In notes that make Heaven's arches ring!
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

Let each sweet flower of richest bloom,
Its fragrance shed above the tomb
Where Jesus slept amid its gloom,
And rising, left a long perfume,
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

O, may each heart with one accord,
This day accept, in deed and word,
Our risen and ascended Lord;
Worshipped, and honored, and adored,
"*Christus resurrexit.*"

THE WIFE OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

A Brave Kentucky Woman.

HER childhood was spent in Lexington, Ky., where she was born; her grandparents were originally from Maryland and Pennsylvania, and were both of them from families of wealth and culture. Her parents were Dr. Elisha Warfield, and Maria Barr, both large slave-owners, and of strong pro-slavery proclivities. Her father was a successful merchant and physician, who in his later years retired to a farm in the suburbs of Lexington, called "The Meadows," which became widely known for

its stables of fine race-horses. Among the number raised was the celebrated race-horse, "Lexington." Dr. Warfield and wife were noted for their hospitality, and the family rarely sat down to table without some one else beside themselves being present. Out of twelve children, nine—three boys and six girls, reached to manhood and womanhood. The six daughters married and lived in and around Lexington. Five are living there now. Naturally, so large a family made a gay household, and in a town where there was a flourishing college, the Transylvania University, beaux were plenty. Mary was gay and attractive, a bright, winsome girl, full of spirit and kindness, with a happy, joyous disposition, and was of course a belle wherever she went, as all who knew her testify. Mr. Clay knew her before he went to Yale College, where he graduated in '23. He came back, renewed her acquaintance, she then being eighteen, and won her love, and they were married, going immediately to his farm in Madison County, twenty-five miles away, and a long day's travel over the mud roads of those days.

Mr. Clay, although a slave-owner as was his father, came back from college a strong anti-slavery man. Mrs. Clay, through her love and sympathy with him, soon became also anti-slavery. Neither of them had a relation that agreed with them, and never had, except his mother. When he publicly announced himself, his wife was his only sympathizer, and in all those years, when he literally carried his life in his hand, it was she who gave him moral support, and encouraged him to risk all and be true to his convictions. When his press was mobbed at Lexington and torn down, while he was lying at death's door with typhoid fever, a message was brought to him that "if he would desist and not continue the paper, they would not destroy it." His friends advised him to give it up. He turned to his wife and said, "Mary Jane, must I give it up?" "No, never," she said, "rather die than give up your principles;" and he dictated to her, as she wrote his answer: "Go tell your conclave of dastardly assassins, Cassius M. Clay knows his rights, and how to defend them."

When he went to fight with Mexico, he was taken prisoner, and was there for eighteen months. His wife moved to the farm again, where she could better attend to his business, and where her sore heart, in contact with nature, would be less heavy during the separation. She took up the management of the farm, and showed great ability in its care. Mr. Clay came home again in triumph; the people, forgetful of the past in the pride of his bravery, feasted and feted him from New Orleans to Lexington. He had fought against Mexico, but his hatred to slavery was none the less ardent, and he began anew the battle against slavery. And, being determined to speak at a meeting held a mile from his home, and other places, his wife packed his carpet-bag, and, as usual, put in his bowie-knife, for, as I have said, he held his life only by the certainty of his always being ready to defend it. And right almost at his own door, he came near losing it, and that with the knife stowed away in the carpet-sack; for in about two hours after Mrs. Clay had bid him good-bye, a breathless messenger came, bearing the tidings that he was stabbed, perhaps fatally, at Fostown. Mrs. Clay, with her usual fortitude and bravery, while the carriage was got in readiness, collected things for his comfort and use, and gave orders to have everything in readiness in case she should have him brought home.

On the road, in urging the horses to their best speed through the mud, the harness broke. Too anxious to wait till it was patched up, she got out, and, leaning on the shouider of her daughter, walked on, the daughter losing her shoe in the mud, and going barefoot to the town. The carriage overtook them, and upon arriving the doctor met her and said: "He lives, but his life hangs upon a thread; don't cry and excite him, it may be fatal." She said: "I will not," and pale and calm, she went into the room, which was packed full of men; some were fanning him; no one had done a thing for him, except that he himself had pushed his handkerchief into the bleeding wound. Mrs. Clay quietly requested the men "to leave the room and give him all the air," it being a warm and close apartment in which he lay. Going to his bedside, she called his name, and seeing that recognized her, took his hand and sat there fanning him, while the doctors, several of whom had now arrived, examined him, and gave him hope that he might be saved. They all said that they had never seen such nerve as she exhibited. For a month or two she nursed him, every few days going home to see to her baby and children, until he was able to be moved upon a stretcher to his home a mile away.

Again, when he was threatened that he would be driven from his home and the State by an armed force, he fortified the house with cannons brought from Mexico, and Sharpe's rifles, and a few faithful friends, and bade the mob defiance. He wanted his wife to take the children and go to Lexington to

her father's, but she said, "No, if he stayed, she would," and his daughters said they could make shot-bags for the cannon, and load the guns, so they stayed; and the mob, hearing, I suppose, of the preparations for defense, concluded it would be safer to let him alone. Mr. Clay was sent by Mr. Lincoln to Russia, as minister to that Court, where he stayed, except for a short time, during the administration.

Mrs. Clay accompanied him, but she and her children grew so homesick that she returned after a year, and stayed alone on the farm with her daughters, the eldest son being in the army, the younger son at college. She was a Unionist, and again stood almost alone, her family, with two exceptions, being rebels. When her eldest daughter took her first step in the work for woman's emancipation, she bade her God-speed, and is herself a warm suffragist, and a member of the Equal Rights Association in Lexington. Several years ago she personally asked Congress to secure her her citizen's right to vote, through Senator Beck. She now, at seventy-four years, personally superintends a farm adjoining mine, and is acknowledged to be one of the best managers in that county.—*Mary B. Clay.*

GRACE WINSLOW'S GIRLHOOD.

SARAH M. PERKINS.

XX.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

MR. HAMILTON intended to return to America about the time that Grace finished her studies at school. He had intended a little surprise for her by being present at the closing exercises at the Seminary, therefore he did not write for several months. But his plan was providentially thwarted.

His time abroad had been the means of real improvement to him. He had written two valuable books, read scores of volumes,—had studied hard several hours each day, and had formed many permanent friendships with eminent scholars, and he prized the society of literary people. Yet he was the same kind, unassuming, Christian gentleman, and found many opportunities of doing good. The poor knew him as their benefactor, the rich sought him for his mental wealth and literary reputation. Christians sought him because he loved the same Master whom they also served, and the sorrowing came to him for the words that contained blessings for the mourners. When the three years had nearly expired, he went to Brussels to transact a little business, but fell ill at a hotel, and for two months his life hung in the balance. He had no friends with him but an Italian servant, consequently his friends lost all trace of him for a time. The faithful servant nursed him back to life, but another month passed before his physician would allow him to travel. He was very impatient to be at home again, and finally went to England to bid his friends farewell, and then secure an early passage to America. But his eldest brother sickened and died, and left all his business affairs for him to settle as best he could. Then he knew that he must remain in England for some time, and he wrote a long, kind letter to Grace. On his way to post the letter, he met a young man from Boston, whom he had formerly known, and who had once visited him in Sydney. He eagerly enquired for home news, and among other things, the man mentioned that Winslow's daughter, Grace, was preparing with all dispatch to marry Dr. Howe.

"Are you sure this is true?" asked Hamilton, eagerly, "rumor makes mistakes, sometimes!"

"Not in this instance," was the reply, "it is well understood among the friends of the family, and I hear the old Captain is wonderfully pleased with his future son-in-law. They say that he is worth half a million."

"Have you seen Grace since she left school?"

"Yes, I met her last winter at several parties in Boston. She is a belle and a beauty, and dresses splendidly. I think her the most graceful young lady that I ever saw. She was rightly named *Grace*. It seems a little strange that quiet Sydney should send out such a queenly young woman."

Mr. Hamilton then led his friend to converse on other subjects, appointed a day for him to dine with him, and then they separated. The former went

to his brother's home, burned the letter that he had written to Grace, and then locked himself in the library for the day.

Until then he had not fully known his own heart, and the deep interest he felt for his former pupil and friend. He almost felt that he could never go home and go about his usual occupations, and see Grace the wife of another. Yet he could not complain, he had assured her that she was perfectly free, nevertheless, it was just as hard to bear. Why was every cherished wish of his to be thwarted? When others were so happy, why was he doomed to loneliness and sorrow? Was it his mission to always bear about a wounded spirit? Why should his cross be so much heavier than that of others?

This was the human side. Better thoughts came after he had sought the divine help, after he had looked upward to Him who never sent empty away a soul that looked to him for aid. Faith again plumed her wings, and he saw the end of earthly happiness as earthly misery,—a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

"God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own."

No chastening is, for the present, joyous, but grievous, but *afterwards* it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. He had faith in this *afterwards*, and he did not pray for the cross to be less heavy, but only for grace sufficient to bear it, and that it might not be in vain that he suffered. He only asked that good should come from the seeming evil.

It sometimes requires more courage to live than to die. Martyrs are sustained by a heroic faith, and by the knowledge that the suffering will only be for a few moments, and then the welcome to the immortal shores, with songs of rejoicing and victory. Thus they go to the fires of the stake, singing praises to God and the Lamb. But to live,—to go back to our petty cares when some heavy sorrow has shaken our faith from the eternal moorings—to live among common-place mortals, when every fibre of the heart is strung to the keenest anguish, to eat, and drink, and talk of the weather, when every hope of life is crushed, this often requires more than a martyr's courage and faith.

But Mr. Hamilton was not a man to allow personal grief to injure his usefulness to others. Life's discipline to him was a ladder by which he ascended to diviner realities and caught clearer visions of destiny and duty. The next day he went about his usual occupations. His brother's children wondered a little at his absent-mindedness when he went out to ride with them in the afternoon, and when they had told him long stories of pet squirrels and ponies, and he did not seem to hear them:

"I say, Uncle Mart, you are as sober as any old grandfather," said Alfred, a bright boy of seven summers, "you are pale, too, and I really think that you are going to be sick again. We are tired of talking, and want you to tell us something more about Boston."

This aroused him, and he told them funny stories of the land beyond the sea—of the children of Boston, who were so precocious that some of them commenced the study of Latin at five or six years of age, and could sing beautifully, and some of the girls became strong-minded, and gave lectures, and studied medicine, and even preached sermons. That a certain wag said of them that, "The women knew more in one minute, than some men did in nine hundred and ninety-nine years."

The little ones laughed at this, and then he told them stories recorded in that ancient book, to which even sages resort for wisdom. He told them of the King of Israel, who could have one answered prayer, and he did not ask for wealth, nor long life, nor the life of his enemies, but simply asked for wisdom to guide his people aright. This prayer pleased God, and he not only gave him wisdom, but riches, and honor, and length of days. Then he told them of the beautiful temple which this wise man builded, filled with gold and silver ornaments, and of the sublime prayer at its dedication. He also told them of the two mothers who came to this King, each claiming a living child, and the wise decision concerning it.

"I tell you that old King was a brick," cried Alfred, "where did you read about him?"

"In the Bible," replied Mr. Hamilton, while an amused look showed that he appreciated the childish remark.

"I will go home and hunt up those stories," said chubby little Margaret. "I wonder why I never heard about that King before. It is nice to hear you tell it."

This led him to tell them of a greater and a better King, who left the brightness and glory of Heaven, to endure the suffering and shadow of earth, that poor, penitent sinners might find forgiveness and peace. This King went about doing good—healing the sick, feeding the hungry, opening the eyes of the blind, and preaching the gospel to the poor.

"O, we have heard of this King," said Alfred, "it is Jesus, but I like to hear you talk about him better than any one else, because you make it seem so true."

"It is true, my boy," said his uncle, "and I want you to believe in this Saviour, and love him and serve him as long as you live, and then you will go sometime and live with him in Heaven."

"I will try to do so," said Alice, "I do pray every day, that God will make me a good girl."

In this way, the wise literary man, whose praise was in all the churches, and whose name was a household word in two continents, would adapt himself to the little children, that he might sow the seeds of tru h in their hearts, for he knew well that when the years had passed, and these children were men and women, they would remember these wayside teachings, and would find Him who came to save.

Toiling Christian, cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days!

The winter finally passed, and the birds of spring came back to their English homes,—the voice of the turtle was heard in the land, and the daffodils came up to seek the warm sunshine. Mr. Hamilton began to pine for his American home, and he resolved to return to Sydney, and once more settle quietly down to his books. The business for the estate of his brother was finished, and there was no reason why he should remain longer abroad. As he was packing his trunks, preparatory to leaving, a package of American letters was sent up to him; among them was one from Dr. Howe. He seized this and perused it first. It ran as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Hamilton:*

I saw a man last week in Boston who had seen you recently, and he gave me your address, and I then resolved to write you, to thank you for your Christian faithfulness to me, when we were together in Sydney, and I was recovering from that severe illness. It seems a little strange to me now that so few Christians ever mentioned the subject of religion to me; if it is their meat and drink to do the will of God, they certainly ought to seek to win souls. Captain Winslow, the kind man, was never afraid to speak of the subject, and two or three others are all that ever invited me to examine the claims of the religion of Christ. In this regard I hope to do my whole duty, for I have now taken upon myself the vows of the disciple of the lowly Man of Sorrows.

I did not keep the promise I made to you of reading the Bible, but your words were not forgotten, and would return to me time and again, till other influences came up, and I was led to believe in Him whom I formerly rejected. I have found real peace in believing. I went with Ella and one of her friends last August, to the White Mountains to spend a few weeks. Both of these girls are real Christians, and talked a great deal about what interested them so deeply. Miss Crawford had a fall, and was confined for weeks to her room, and I attended her as a physician and friend, and the little saint used to make me read the Bible to her, just as if she had never heard it before. In that way I learned many things that were new to me, and there, apart from the great world, with the solemn stars over my head, and the grand old mountains around me, I began to pray, and finally found forgiveness of him who came to save. I feel now that I have just begun to live the true life, and that old things have passed away forever. Be encouraged, dear Hamilton from this, to be faithful to others.

One thing more; I am now engaged to this Miss Crawford, of Sydney, and will bespeak your services as groomsman for *the* occasion, next Autumn.

If you knew her, you would congratulate me, for she has a great soul, and is a lovely girl. You are aware, of course, (she has perhaps told you) that Grace was my first choice, and I will never say *sour grapes*, because she was beyond my reach. I might have won her had she never known you; as it was, I had no chance at all. But no more of this, as you know all about it.

Ella, my dear sister, has turned missionary, and will soon leave for Japan. I disliked this extremely at first, but she regards it as a kind of *call*, and I have freely consented, and am now assisting her in the preparations for departure. She can carry out her own plans in the work, because she has a little fortune of her own, and will not be dependent upon any mission board for money.

When do you return to us? I heard of your illness at Brussels, and congratulate you upon your recovery. Write me here at Boston, for I shall remain with Ella till she leaves the country.

Truly yours,

EGBERT HOWE."

A great weight was lifted from Mr. Hamilton's heart by this letter. He rejoiced in spirit, and thanked God for life and happiness. Hope beckoned him cheerily onward, and the bow of promise with rainbow tints illumined his sky. He bade a hasty adieu to his brother's family, and started the

next morning for Liverpool, to take the next steamer to America.

There was mourning in that English home when he left, for he had endeared himself to those bereaved hearts by his loving presence and gentle sympathy.

Alfred and Margaret even cried to go with him; they wanted to see the Boston children, of whom they had heard so much. With promises of future visits, he tore himself away. He was obliged to wait a little at Liverpool, and could scarcely endure the delay. But once more upon the broad Atlantic, under full steam towards the western world, he paced the deck, asking the winds and waves to be propitious to the homesick wanderer.

To be continued.

MARY LOUISA BOOTH.

WHEN the news flashed over the wires that Mary Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, was dead, the feeling came that it did not seem possible for such as she to die. But so it is. The personality that has made so distinctive a wave in the influences of humanity, and the mind that held its sway of superiority, because it was superior, and the hands that had carved a way for herself, and that had opened a path for other women, and the feet that had trampled upon difficulties, till they were no more apparent for others than herself—when these, that combined make the woman that the world mourns to-day, had done their work, all womenkind said sadly, "We are sorry." Mary Booth would have been fifty-eight years old, April 19. She was born at Millville, N. Y. She began teaching school before she was twenty, and began literary work when she was twenty-five. In 1859, she wrote her famous "History of New York City," which has since been enlarged and republished, down to 1880.

At the time of the war she translated Count De Gasparin's wonderful book, "The Uprising of a Great People." Of this work of hers, Miss Emily S. Bouton, of the Toledo *Blade*, says:

She longed to do something for her country, but she was unfitted by nature and temperament for work in the hospitals, where life was dependent upon careful ministrations. While hesitating, and anxious for some door of service to be opened to her, she received an advanced copy of the work before mentioned. She felt that such glowing, heartening words were what was needed by the loyal people of the North, and she went at once to Mr. Scribner, proposing to him to publish it. He told her that if the translation were ready, he would gladly do it, but the war would be over long before it could be completed. Those were the early times, when sixty days made the limit set to the struggle.

What do you suppose this woman did? She went home and worked day and night, so as to meet the publisher's ultimatum of a week. No doubt he thought this would settle the matter definitely, as to accomplish the task would be an impossibility. He did not count upon such a spirit of determined patriotism. In less than the time mentioned it was done, and the book went forth upon its mission. It revived courage and rekindled hope. "It is worth a whole phalanx in the cause of freedom," said Charles Sumner, and "Abraham Lincoln paused in the midst of his mighty work to send her a letter of thanks and lofty cheer."

Miss Booth was more prominently known by the masses, as the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, having been identified with it in this capacity, from its inception; and since 1867, through it, she had been a regular visitor to thousands of homes, and in communication with a million people. One said of her:

"In person Miss Booth is majestic and commanding, being taller and larger than women usually are. Her dress is simple to plainness when she is about her business, but rich and becoming otherwheres, for she has the weakness of other women about rare, old lace, and cashmeres that are drawn through a bracelet. Her hands are as perfect as sculpture, and sparkle with quaint and costly rings; and her skin of infantile delicacy and rose-leaf color, her dimples, her straight, short nose, her soft, brown eyes, and her prematurely silvered hair, worn rolled over cushions, give her a striking appearance that approaches beauty."

It is to such women as Miss Booth that the younger turn for inspiration and a guide, and the one great lesson to be gathered is, that energy and perseverance, talent and common sense, are a combination of requisites necessary for success, and these, coupled with a beautiful character, graciousness of manner, exquisite personal taste and an honest nature, rendered Miss Booth a woman typical of the highest form of American excellence.—*Woman's News.*

BIRD SONGS.

Birdie's Wooing.

" O, Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!
Dear,
Come here!
From the topmost bough of this sunlit tree,
Where I rock and sing,
And sing
To thee, love, to thee,

The Earth looks fair as summer land,
And the gold-crowned dandelions, fanned
By the breath of the South,
Soft as the kiss of a baby's mouth,
Quiver with ecstacy where they stand.
Dear,
Come here,
To the swaying tip of this chestnut tree,
I have something to say to thee.

Dear, dear!
The world is wide, and the world is bright,
And the earth sings back to the morning light,
As I, love, to thee.
Man's ears are dull to the tiny sound
Under the ground,
Of flowers pricking toward the sun,
And fall of dew when the day is done.

We hear,
We hear,
And our hearts are bursting with jubilant glee,
As we sit and swing,
And sing,
On the top of the chestnut tree.
Listen, dear!
The world is wide, and somewhere it holds—
Perhaps in this tree—
Shady and safe 'neath the leafy dome,
A place just fit for a birdie's home
Why not for thee and me?

Bird-wings are beating
The fragrant air,
Bird-songs are greeting
The daisies fair,
And love and the sunlight are everywhere.
Dear,
God made the world for thee and me,
And me, love, for thee."

—*Mary S. Woodman.*

Shadows of Birds.

In darkened air, alone with pain,
I lay. Like links of heavy chain
The minutes sounded, measuring day,
And slipping lifelessly away.
Sudden across my silent room
A shadow, darker than its gloom,
Swept swift; a shadow slim and small,
Which poised and darted on the wall,
And vanished quickly as it came;
A shadow, yet it lit like flame;
A shadow, yet I heard it sing;
And heard the rustle of its wing,
Till every pulse with joy was stirred;
It was the singing of a bird!

Only the shadow! Yet it made
Full summer, everywhere it strayed;
And every bird I ever knew
Back and forth in the summer flew;
And breezes wafted over me
The scent of every flower and tree;
Till I forgot the pain and gloom,
And silence of my darkened room.
Now, in the glorious open air,
I watch the birds fly here and there;
And wonder, as each swift wing cleaves
The sky, if some poor soul that grieves
In lonely, darkened, silent walls,
Will catch the shadow as it falls!

—*H. H.*

The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears her locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
From bough to bough of the apple tree.

" Nay," said his grandmother, " have you not heard.
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

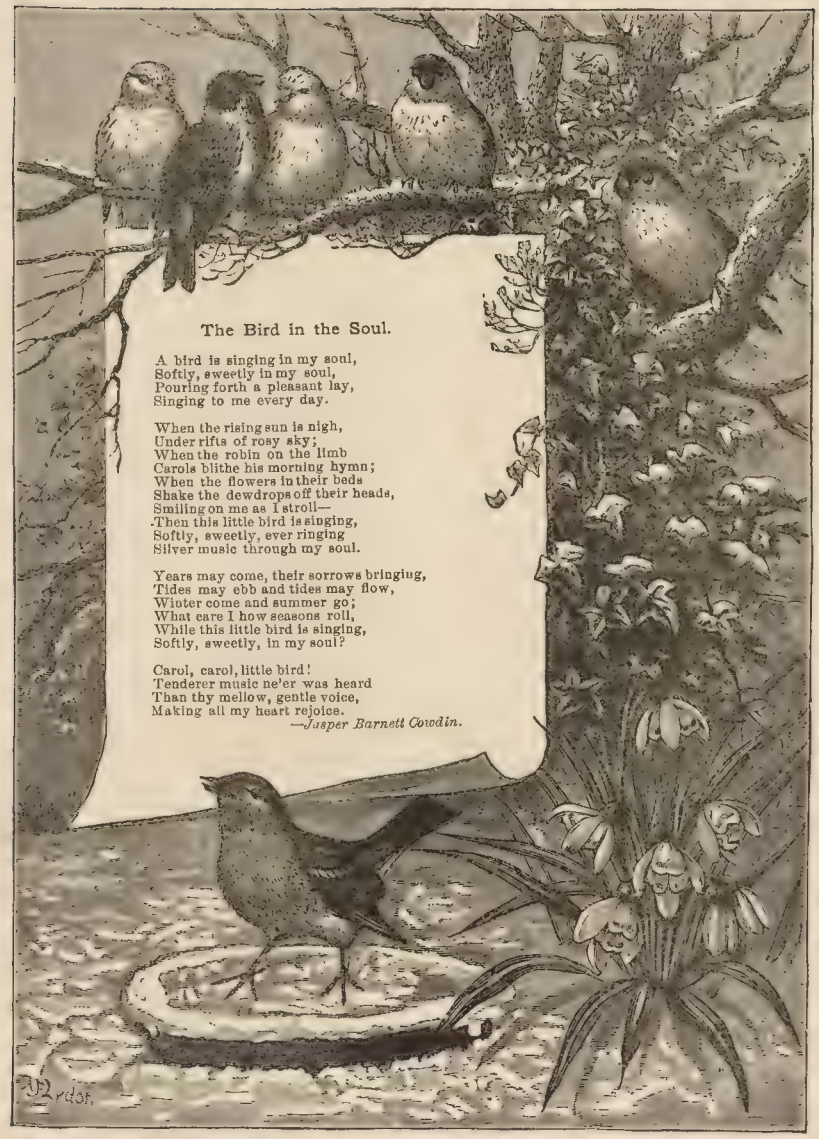
He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor bron ruddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him!"

" Amen!" said I to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the good they do!"

—*John G. Whittier.*



The Bird in the Soul.

A bird is singing in my soul,
Softly, sweetly in my soul,
Pouring forth a pleasant lay,
Singing to me every day.

When the rising sun is nigh,
Under rifts of rosy sky;
When the robin on the limb
Carols blithe his morning hymn;
When the flowers in their beds
Shake the dewdrops off their heads,
Smiling on me as I stroll—
Then this little bird is singing,
Softly, sweetly, ever ringing
Silver music through my soul.

Years may come, their sorrows bringing,
Tides may ebb and tides may flow,
Winter come and summer go;
What care I how seasons roll,
While this little bird is singing,
Softly, sweetly, in my soul?

Carol, carol, little bird!
Tenderer music ne'er was heard
Than thy mellow, gentle voice,
Making all my heart rejoice.

—*Jasper Barnett Cowdin.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Bravest of Battles.

The bravest of battles that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men,

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle field.

No marshaling troup, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles! they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

* * *

An Unequal Partnership.

ELLA HINES STRATTON.

Never dawned a brighter morning than that which ushered in Ray Huntington's wedding day. Never throbbed a happier heart than that of the fair girl who, forsaking home and friends, vowed to love honor and obey him, "until death do us part."

"She was the belle of the village, and ought to have had her choice among us all," explained Carl Trenton, who, everybody knew, had been refused by the bride, at least a dozen times.

"He is *so* handsome,—and rich, too, they say. Really, Nell Alden has done remarkably well," said more than one envious maiden.

Ray Huntington, although he was not a rich man, was advancing rapidly on the road to wealth. As he was a lawyer in a distant city, the wedded pair at once went to the home which he had provided there, a modest cottage in the suburbs, very plainly furnished, but as beautiful as a palace in the eyes of the loving bride.

"We shall be away from the disagreeable noise and bustle, dearest," said Ray, uneasily. "I can lunch at Roger & Allens, and be at home for an early tea, except, perhaps, in very busy seasons. Besides, I got this place at a bargain—it costs dreadfully to rent,—and we must really economize in every way possible. We must creep, before we can walk, Nellie."

"I am sure everything is as nice as it can be," said the wife. "It is much better than being right in the city. I am sure that I should be crazy in a week, there."

"I don't doubt it," returned the relieved husband. "But you will not be bothered here at all. I will attend to the marketing each day as I go to town, and we will have a quiet home of our own."

That was the beginning.

Ray Huntington's boasted creed was that marriage was simply a partnership of two congenial souls,—a blending of two natures into a perfect whole, whose thoughts, whose aims, whose energies were one. That was all very well, if our legal gentleman had only lived up to his professed belief. But, like many others, he professed one thing and lived another. While he often declared that a man and his wife were one, his daily life added most emphatically, "*And the man is that one.*"

Pretty, loyal Nellie was not long in discovering the fact, and, although grieved that her exalted idol proved to be but common clay, after all, she made the best of life as she found it, and succeeded in eking out the scanty allowance, which was grudgingly given, to an extent which surprised and delighted him.

"It isn't every man has a wife like mine," he often said confidentially to a friend, but never a word of praise to the toiling wife herself.

What wonder that the roses in her cheeks gave place to colorless lilies, and "crow's feet" multiplied in the fair face, as added claims taxed her strength and economy. Tiny feet pattered here and there, baby voices made the sweetest of all music to her mother heart, and added numbers brought added labor to the patient, mother hands.

Ray Huntington was recognized by the world (by his world, in which his care-worn wife had no part) as a successful man. He attended his clubs, and dressed in a manner befitting his station, while his wife wore shabby calico.

"Because I must, my dear, you do not understand," he explained, when she gently chided him for some extravagant outlay. "It is quite necessary that one in my position should do so. I heard it hinted that I was to be run for Mayor next year. Think of that, my dear."

And the uncomplaining woman did think of the proposed honor,—thought of it with added dread, as she toiled in the kitchen, with no help except an ignorant Swede girl. An emigrant, whose chief recommendation was her patient love for the little ones.

Once she ventured to suggest an allowance for family use, as the busy lawyer often forgot to order the necessary articles, but she was met with indignant surprise.

"Women know nothing about spending money, Nellie, I am surprised! *I* will attend to it. What! Gretchen wants more money? Wasn't it last week that I gave you two dollars for her?"

"Yes, but she has been here four weeks. We owe her five dollars now," Nellie began with crimson face, and went on desperately. "Mother wrote that she was going to visit us next month. She has never been here,—has never seen our children. Charlie must have new shoes and clothes. Baby needs new flannels, and—and this is the best dress I have in the world. You wouldn't want me to feel ashamed to welcome my own dear mother, Ray?"

"How much money do you want?" he asked, frigidly.

"Fifty dollars, at least, to make us comfortable and respectable," she replied, with painful hesitation.

"Fifty dollars! I am not made of money," he exclaimed, even while his faithful conscience reminded him that he had paid more than that sum for a club dinner, the week before, and paid it with a willing smile. "Here, this must do," and he counted four five dollar bills into her hand.

With one startled, indignant glance, the wife's hand shut convulsively over the money, and she left the room hastily.

"She will make that do," muttered her husband uneasily, watching her. "Next time I will give her more, and I really think I will call at Blankton's and order one of those new silks sent up."

The silk came, and Nellie smiled bitterly, as she laid it in the darkest corner of her bureau drawer. Charlie rejoiced in new clothes and real "boy's boots," baby wore new, soft, warm flannels, Gretchen was paid, but there was nothing left to replenish the mother's wardrobe.

Alas, it seemed as if it was never to need it.

One evening, Ray Huntington returned to find his well-ordered house in confusion. Baby had cried herself to sleep, and was still sobbing pitifully, while Charlie was crying softly by the chamber door, where Gretchen was vainly trying to quiet the fever-stricken wife and mother.

"Oh, papa, *will* my boo'ful mamma die? Say, papa, will she die?" wailed Charlie, creeping timidly to his father's side.

Gretch looked up hopefully, as he entered.

"I will do it in a moment, Ray," cried Nellie, with crimson cheeks and strangely bright eyes. "I only stopped to rest for a moment, my—my head feels so queerly, but I will get your tea at once."

"Lie still, dearest," he said, more gently than he had spoken for many months. "Gretchen, take this note to Dr. Davis, and call as you come back to ask Mrs. Hall if she will run in a few moments."

Dr. Davis came, a gray-haired man, who had read many of this world's lessons aright.

"Overwork, my dear sir. System completely run down. I have noticed it. No help but that raw Swede girl,—willing enough, but not capable, sir. Men don't know the value of good wives until they lose them," said the old man, bluntly.

"You don't think—she—my wife—Nellie will not *die!*" cried the startled lawyer.

"Perhaps not,—hope not. But she is worked down, and the worst of it is, she will carry all her worry and trouble with her through her delirium. What is that about partnership, Huntington? I have heard you define marriage, often enough. How have you used this partner of yours? Have you shared the profits honestly? I'd like to have you compare accounts, you will have time enough before your wife gets up again. I suppose she has a mother. Send for her at once. Yes, yes, I'll be 'round in the morning, but more depends upon loving care than upon me; mind, I said *loving* care. Good night, sir."

In the weary, almost hopeless time of anxious waiting, Ray Huntington learned a new meaning of his favorite creed. In her delirium, Nellie told him many things which she would never have mentioned in her rational moments.

At last there came a day when the little cottage was as silent as death; when the dread angel hovered on the threshold, then passed mercifully by; when a human flower bloomed but to perish, and a tiny life went out with its first glimpse of earth.

"Yes, she will live," said good Dr. Davis, suspiciously wiping his glasses with unusual energy. "You have learned your lesson easier than many men do, Huntington, for you will have your wife again. If you love her, cherish her. That's the word, *cherish her*, man. Make her happy. She is your partner in life. She has common sense, I suppose? Well, then, allow her her share of the profits. Never let her be ashamed of her husband's meanness. I am a blunt old man, sir, but I mean well. I have seen so much of this one sided part-

nership business among married people, that I have no patience left. Your wife has just as much right to her share of your income as you have to yours. I hope you're not offended, but I'm glad I've had the courage to give you something to think about. Keep up the *loving care*, Huntington, and your wife will be around in a month."

That month was one of pleasure and sorrow to the repentant husband, but he had resolved upon a new course of action, and as they sat at the table on New Year's eve, he said, tenderly, "It was kind of the mother to leave us to begin the new year together, Nellie; it shall be the beginning of a new life for us. Henceforth my 'partner' is an equal with myself. The household is your branch of the business, I will see that you have sufficient funds to cover *all* the expenses in a creditable way. My wife shall never again feel ashamed because of my stinginess."

"I was never that," Nellie protested, loyally.

"Perhaps you were not sensible of it, but the feeling was there just the same," replied her husband, firmly. "It shall never happen again. To-morrow the firm of Huntington & Wife begins anew, and on a different basis. I will *cherish* my family, hereafter."

And happy years have proved the truth of his vow.

* * *

Downhill Steps.

MARY J. WEATHERBEE.

It was a lovely October day; just that sort of a tempting sky and atmosphere that makes an outing perfectly irresistable. We took an early dinner and then started for a drive on the country roads. We promised ourselves that not a shadow should come over the spirit of our beautiful dreams; for, wherefore? Was not the sky the bluest, the sunlight the brightest, the air the purest, and the woods flaunting the brightest colors? and our hearts were in perfect harmony with all this beautiful world of ours. By chance, our route took us past the structure known as the county jail. The taste for artistic decoration has so thoroughly taken possession of the people, that we not only ornament our houses and grounds, but we embellish the lawns and avenues of our poor farms and charitable institutions, and even of our jails. The time was, when the exterior of the prison walls had a dismal, terrifying aspect. Now, there are well kept walks, velvety lawns, and flowering plants in profusion.

We were admiring all this, when we observed a coach halt at one of the entrances. A party of four alighted; two lads in charge of two officers. The lads were well dressed, and to all appearances were from respectable families. Yet they were criminals, in custody. Lo! a shadow was already fallen on my beautiful picture. I watched them as they mounted the steps and entered the walls of that prison. So young, and yet they were criminals, to be shut in behind bolts and iron gratings. I thought of the mothers; of their anguish when, perchance, they should read in the columns of the city papers, of the crimes and imprisonment of their sons. This is but one case, yet, day by day the scene is repeated, and our jails are filled by those who should have been bright and shining lights in the world, for the path of the just is as a shining light.

Why is there so much evil in the world, and how shall it be combatted? Let us get back to the starting point, for it is here that we all have pretty nearly equal chances. We can all recall some little act of our childhood, some sweatmeat that we have pilfered from the pantry shelf, or some choice piece of china that we have broken and tried to conceal. We knew we had done wrong, and this was why we tried to hide the act. The house dog has by some mischance found access to the kitchen, and, tempted by the savory smell of a fine roast, has quickly made way with it, hiding behind the garden fence, and if you will but notice, when he next comes to the house, he will do so with the air of one who should say, "I did steal the roast, but don't flog me." How very similar these two actions. The brute knows of but one way to relieve his wants, and that is by seizing whatever comes in his way, and instinct teaches him to get it stealthily. This instinct is his only guide; the whole sum of his intelligence; and that he shuns even his best friend after such a theft, is because of his fear of punishment.

You and I, in our childish days, have done what, in a moment after, we were sorry for. Conscience tells us it was wrong, and we too, try to conceal. It may be that one of these very lads (taught as he may have been to listen to the whisperings of this little monitor within him), may have been told by some comrade that he's a simpleton not to dare to do what he wants to do, and the lad says, "Well, I know it's wrong, but I don't want to be called a simpleton, so I'll do as those bigger boys do;" nevertheless, he don't feel happy. The principle is here. No sort of reasoning can make an action seem right, if that little monitor, which in the dog we call instinct, and which in ourselves we call conscience,

tells us it is wrong. The old adage, "Think twice before you speak, or before you act," is upon this supposition, that, by reflecting for a moment, we may learn from that little monitor whether it is right or wrong. What an easy thing it is to run down hill, but running back to the top of the hill is quite another thing. It is an easy matter for a boy to climb over a neighbor's fence in defiance of the placard on the tree to keep off the grounds, but to get back on the other side of the fence again with one's stolen fruit, may not be so easily done. How is it when we take our first wrong steps? One boy dares another to set fire to an out-building, "for the fun of it," he says. The other boy, if not already given over to the influence of his evil companions, says to himself, "That's wicked. Not much fun in it if I get caught. No," he says, "I won't do it." His comrade laughs, and tries again, "Fraid? what you 'fraid of?" and then he tells what capital fun they'll have.

These are tricks, you know, and a fellow that can rob hen roosts, pick locks, and rifle money drawers, and not get caught at it, is just a "game fellow," they say. These are downhill steps, and when any young person hears such talk, he may be pretty sure he is in the company of those who will lead him straight, as these lads went, to prison. It is not brave to do a mean act. It is cowardly, and to be persuaded to do wrong because others do so and are not found out, is simply pitiable. In all probability, the offense for which these lads had been committed to jail this beautiful autumn day, was only one of many offenses they had committed, but which by chance they had managed to keep concealed. This is the door at which all wrong doing eventually turns up. To be thrown in with those who have committed the worst of crimes—why, it is as if one were to be turned into a pest house. One gets a scar that time will never wear away. There is no such thing as escaping from such an institution till there has been a thorough reformation; that is, made good again. And what a tedious process this will be. It is as if you had a fruit tree well grown and bearing fruit. You discover that the fruit is imperfect and bitter. You can only get good fruit from it by cutting off the branches and regrafting with new scions. These past years of growth are in a measure lost.

The criminal has really to become a child again. All these years he has been learning to do evil, are now worse than a blank. Like the branches loaded with worthless fruit, they must be lopped off, and time allowed for a new growth of good deeds. How my heart aches for the parents of these boys! This is the period in the lives of their sons when they had looked to gather in their homes the fruition of all that is good and noble; but, instead, they find only the fruits of rottenness.

How admirable is that advice of Solomon: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; Keep her, for she is thy life."

* * *

A Gift of the Gods.

Ingenuity! Have there ever been any books written on ingenuity, any poems composed in praise of it, any monuments erected anywhere to immortalize the memory of simply ingenious men or women? Yet ingenuity is an element which underlies all success in literature, science, discovery, invention, social, political, and commercial prosperity. It is the essential oil in the complicated and often rusty machinery of daily life. It is the quintessence of common sense in its application to material matters; it is tact and wit and wisdom all combined; it is materialized gumption. Better is much ingenuity with little wealth than a great deal of wealth without it.

We are accustomed to ingenuity on a large scale, though when it assumes colossal proportions, it is no longer known by that unpretentious title. It is at once recognized as inspiration, talent, genius. Columbus giving to Castile and Leon a new world, Milton constructing a "Paradise Lost," Wren building his Cathedral of St. Paul's, Stevenson running his steam engine, and Edison listening to the wierd messages of his phonograph, are all subjects for the world's admiration and applause. We have books written about such men, and monuments erected to their memory. They are exponents of ingenuity in its grandest forms.

But there are men and women who discover no continents, write no books, invent no engines, yet who by their ingenuity keep well lubricated the wheels of domestic life. So far as one's personal, every-day comfort and convenience exceeds his occasional enjoyment of some great work of art or mechanism, so far are these sharp-sighted, quick-witted people, and deft-handed fathers, brothers, and sisters, of greater practical consequence than many of the great explorers, inventors, and writers of the world. They are the people who "can make something out of nothing," and im-

prove on the original material; who can repair with a pen-knife and a piece of string almost any thing from a broken harness to a broken head, and who, from old bottles, old boots, and old bonnets, can construct magnificent vases, elegant book covers, and bewildering spring hats.

The ingenious cook hangs from the band of her apron the holder with which she must needs catch up some article from the stove every other minute, while her sister, making frantic plunges in every direction for something with which to grasp the hot handles, ends by burning her fingers and anathematizing all the pots and pans. The ingenious seamstress sings as she sews, with uninterrupted speed and undisturbed temper. From little pockets in her capacious apron she draws the black or the white thread, the silk or the darning cotton, as occasion requires. Scissors, securely attached by short rubber bands, never become entangled, and run no risk of getting out of the way. At a sudden call all the sewing materials are let slip into the large pocket which really forms the apron, and the apron itself, if necessary, is unbuttoned and laid aside. In the same room sits her sister whose spools are continually rolling out of sight under tables and bureaus, whose scissors disappear as if attracted by invisible magnets, and whose thimble can never be discovered anywhere on the surface of the earth if once removed from the finger. They go shopping together, and while one carries her troublesome parasol under her arm to knock off the hats and put out the eyes of the unfortunates behind her, or laying it down on each counter, loses it in piles of goods, to her own annoyance, and the exasperation of the storekeeper—the ingenious sister, fastening around the handle a loop of inch-wide black ribbon, slips it over her wrist and knows no loss or annoyance for herself, and causes no disaster to her fellow beings. They sketch together on the seashore, but while the wind flops and tears the papers of one, the other, laying hers upon a sheet of card board, slips an elastic band over one end, and works in comfort and security.

The ingenious woman knows how to use a glue-pot, a dye-pot, a paint-brush, a saw, and a hammer. Lacking expensive, or even sufficient furniture, she supplies her rooms with soap boxes and re-constructed flour barrels, covered with pretty, wholesome cretonne; makes convenient book shelves and corner cup-boards of other boards and boxes; picture frames of strips of paste-board covered with plush; wall-pockets of canvass, embroidered and ornamented with bows of ribbon; saves broom handles, and sawing off three of them to the required length, fits them into a little square or round top, thereby making a convenient table, to be adorned as fancy dictates; puts the broken lamp into a ginger jar, decorated beyond recognition, and appearing as a handsome ornament as well as luminary, making a shade for it from an old silk handkerchief aud discarded lace; makes knotted fringe, for tables or curtains, from old shawls and blankets which have outlived their usefulness; and when not able to obtain a new carpet, putties the cracks and stains the unsightly floor, more than half covering it with mats made from the best pieces of the old carpet and its border.

Ingenuity is the greatest economy of time, money, strength, and temper. Blessed be the ingenious people, their heirs and assigns forever, making of any and all material conditions and elements, environments with which they entirely harmonize, who are always in some measure independent of the limitations of circumstances, whether of place or pocket. Blessed be ingenuity! —*C. B. Le Row, in Phrenological Journal.*

* * *

The Little House on Laurel Street.

"O, Jeannie! I do think it is too hard that you have to come down to this tiny little house, after living in that lovely home on the Avenue!" said Anna Maynard to her cousin, as the two stood in the middle of an empty room in the small house, which was all that remained to Jeannette of the large estate which her father was supposed to have left her at his death. Everything else had been mortgaged so heavily, that when the crash came, all had to go.

"Perhaps you'd better say that I ought to think myself fortunate that I have even a shelter for my head," replied Jeannette, trying to speak lightly of the matter.

"That is about all it is, a shelter. Where the carpets, curtains and furniture are to come from, *I* don't see."

"I do!"

"Then pray lend me your spectacles. May be, too, you can imagine Oliver Sawtelle contented and happy in these shabby rooms, surrounded by the cheap furniture you'll have to buy."

"No, I cannot think he will be at all contented; but men, you know, have their clubs to which they can resort. However, he will have to make the best of a bad bargain; though I'm sure his aunts will not

fail to remind him that he would be in a far different position to-day if he had married Minnie Morris instead of me. Her father has weathered the financial storm which has wrecked us."

Anna was sorry she had spoken as she did, for she had suspected for some time that Oliver Sawtelle was not the devoted husband that he might have been; there was really nothing serious against him, only that he spent less and less time at home, and was more devoted to his club than a man should be who had been married only two years. So to change the current of her cousin's thoughts, she asked:

"As for furniture, now with what do you propose to fill this bare room? I presume it will be the parlor."

"Sitting-room I shall dub it, and then my plain, cretonne-covered chairs will not look so out of place. I intend to have the floor stained, and so dispense with carpets; one can make serviceable rugs out of a yard or two of gay bordering, and a small center of solid color. I intend to take that old sofa and easy-chair which were in the housekeeper's room, and by covering them both with some of that pretty cretonne which I saw for twenty-five cents a yard at Blank's, I will make them look fresh and comfortable; some of the same cretonne shall be converted into curtains, sofa pillows, and cushions for the backs of those two willow rockers of mine."

"Oh! if you are going for that sort of thing, you *can* get along on the little money you have set aside for furnishing."

"I can and *must* get on with it! I have good wide window-sills here, so I have a good place for plants; and they, you know, do much toward brightening up a room."

Anna shed more tears that night over Jeannette's "come down in the world," than Jeannette herself did. Jeannette was too busy planning, to have many spare hours for pitying herself; indeed, she did not want to find time for such sentiments; for the thing that troubled her most, was not this sudden descent from vast wealth to literally nothing, but the alienation of her husband's affections. Long before this crash came, she had seen that he cared less and less for his home, so, to stifle sorrow, she had become gayer than ever before in her bright young life; she dressed, and danced, rode and drove, laughed and flirted mildly, until the failure of the great banking house in which her husband and his father were partners, brought financial ruin to her.

A friend gave Oliver a commission to execute, which, though it would not bring in much money, would take him to Germany for four or five months, and thus let him escape some of the annoyances and mortifications incident upon settling up the business.

"I hate to go, Jeannie," he had said to his wife, when telling her of the offer, "and leave you to the task of breaking up and moving, and, as you see, we must leave this house as soon as possible; but there seems no other opening for me just now, and at least I will be getting my living out of it."

"Of course you will except this offer," she had said, quickly. "As for me, I can get on. I have been thinking that, for the present at any rate, we had better move into that little house of mine on Laurel street; it is idle now."

"Way out there? It is almost out into the country; none of your friends will know where to find you."

"My butterfly acquaintances will not, but those whose friendship is worth anything can see me whenever they want to; horse-cars go within a block. But seriously, Oliver, what else is there for us to do? The rent will be nothing, the furnishing a mere trifle, and my house-keeping bills for me alone will not be enormous. If our prospects brighten, when you return we can easily make another change."

"Poor girl!" said he to himself, "she wants to hide her head now that our bubble has burst. Well, I can't blame her. I wish, though, she were not so icily indifferent about my going away for the whole autumn. What a mistake our marriage was! She took me for my money, and I—well, I did love her then, but somehow things are different from what I hoped they would be; perhaps if we had a child she would be more domestic." But he gave no expression to his thoughts; did not even show his gratified surprise at the grief she exhibited when the hour at last came for him to sail.

As his was a business trip, he had little time for sight-seeing; so he made the mistake of thinking he had nothing worth writing about, and his letters home were of the briefest, as were also hers to him, and he really knew nothing at all about her household arrangements, except that she was trying to make the new house habitable on a pitifully small sum of money.

At last, after a remarkably short passage from Liverpool, Oliver found himself in his native city, twenty-four hours before any one could reasonably have expected him. Giving his luggage to an ex-

pressman, he took the horse-cars for the little house on Laurel street, wondering if Jeannette would be surprised to see him, or whether she would take his return as placidly as she had the news of his projected departure. Of course he had no latch-key to this house, so he had to ring the bell. He was admitted by a girl who had once lived with his mother.

"Hullo! Norah, do you live here?" he exclaimed.

"Shure an' it's the masther his own self! Oh but it's a pity that the misthress isn't in yet! No, sir, I don't live here, Mrs. Sawtelle don't keep no girl; but she gets me to come in once a week an' do the scrubbin' for her, an' whiles I'm here she takes the chance to go out to do her arrants."

"Don't tell her I've come, I want to surprise her," said he, as he entered the room nearest the front door.

Sitting his bag down on the floor, he struck a match, for it was quite late in the afternoon, and as he lighted the gas he emitted a soft whistle.

"Whew! This isn't at all what I expected. Why, this room makes me think of the sitting-room at grandmother's! It looks as if a tired fellow might rest and be happy here."

While thus meditating, half aloud, he had been glancing around the pretty apartment; he now went up to the bird cages, and whistling to their occupants received in answer a burst of song which made him almost imagine that the tiny creatures recognized him. Then he examined the plants in the windows, smelling with appreciation the odor of the carnations and geraniums, and finally drew the big easy-chair up to the cheery grate fire, and leaning his head on the cushioned back, was in two minutes in the land of Nod.

He had a queer dream. He thought the door opened quietly, and Jeannette entered the room, stepped silently up to his chair, bent over and kissed him on the forehead, saying: "You dear old fellow, how glad I am to see you again! Oh, if you only cared as much for me as I do for you, how happy we might be in this cozy little nest!"

Drowsily opening his eyes he found himself alone, so he calmly returned to his nap. In a short time, however, he was thoroughly aroused by hearing the front door shut. Rising, he saw his wife come in, looking rosy and blooming, prettier, he thought, than ever before.

"Why, Oliver! is this really you and not your ghost?" she exclaimed. "How long have you been here? Why didn't you tell me you were coming, so that I could have had the house in festive array?"

"I wanted to catch you unawares, so as to see what sort of a housekeeper you are," was his laughing rejoinder.

"As if you were any judge in such matters! I have your grandmother's approval, and you must really excuse me if I say that that is more to the purpose than any *man's* opinion. Did you have a pleasant journey?"

After chatting a few minutes, Jeannette said she must go to the kitchen to see about supper; and a little later she summoned him to the little dining room, where there was an appetizing smell of hot oysters and coffee.

"Do you see that you are drinking your coffee out of one of your great grandmother's cups?" she presently asked him.

"Why, so it is! Where did you get it?"

"I went up to the old farm a week ago, to ask about having some winter butter put up for us, and after we had talked awhile, your dear old grandmother said: 'I do declare, Jeannette, you are going to be a real capable housekeeper, after all! Who'd ever have expected a society belle, as you were six months ago, to come here and ask me for some of my queer old receipts! I believe you'll appreciate 'em, so I mean to give you and Oliver two or three of my mother's fine china cups and saucers; now that you can't keep a girl, and so have to do your dishes yourself, they will not be likely to be broken.' So she gave these to me, and several linen sheets, pillow-cases and table-cloths which she had woven herself, long before she was married."

Noting the way her face lighted up, as she described these treasures, Oliver said to himself, "Sure enough, who would have expected her to be interested in such things!"

"Who cooks your bread and things?" he asked.

"I do, of course; and now isn't my bread good? I have put up quite a nice lot of preserves and pickles, too, for I know that you like such things. I find my cooking-school lessons come in very handy now; and yet do you remember what fun your brothers and you made of Anna and me when we said we were going to take those lessons?"

When supper was over she told him to go into the sitting-room, while she "did" the dishes; but he said he preferred to superintend her in that branch of her labors; so he followed her to the kitchen and sat in the low chair beside the table, while she flitted back and forth. They laughed and joked like two children, and he declared that she was more fasci-

nating with the big gingham apron tied around her slender waist, than she had ever been in gauzy ball attire. Presently, in answer to something he said about the oysters he had just eaten:

"Yes, when Nora told me you had come, I just ran out and got them; I was sure you'd relish them better than chops or steak."

* * *

The Early Mothers.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IV.

We cherish the memory of the worthy Puritan fathers of our country, fondly enumerating their many virtues—passing lightly over their weaknesses—while but little, comparatively, is said of their faithful and devoted companions, those who bore many of the virtues of those trying times. It should be remembered that they had much responsibility in the training of the sons—as well as the daughters—who soon were compelled to brave many dangers, endure many hardships, toil unceasingly in the development of the new country, and in their contests with the savages.

Were the husbands conscientious, bold, energetic, devoted to principle? so were their wives. They were co-workers in an enlarged sense, caring for the families, in almost constant fear of the covert attacks of the Indians, not only caring for the home, but, even at a much later date, toiling in the field, doing much which is now regarded as the labor of men and boys. From what I know of the duties and toils of women at a later date, sixty-five years ago, they were entitled to a great deal of credit, but, possibly less than were their grandmothers in the earlier periods of the history of the colonies. I can well remember when the wives of the age performed a vast amount of hard work, in the home and in the field, beside much in the domestic arrangements, such as bringing the water and wood (if not in preparing it), feeding the swine, poultry and cattle, perhaps aiding in getting in the hay, if a shower was imminent, particularly. Money was by no means abundant in those early times, while the fact that all of the lands and houses were not paid for, rendered it necessary that the housewives should be very economical, as well as industrious, laboring with their husbands a far greater number of hours than the agitators of the present day advocate.

In the absence of this money, it was necessary for the wife to produce something, which in the way of barter, might purchase some of the necessaries of life, these being carried to the "stores," this branch of business managed by the wife and children, the latter taking a few eggs (ten cents a dozen) a little butter, at about the same price, a lot of dried apples at a corresponding price, those and similar products to be exchanged for a little molasses, sugar, rice, some needles and the like; the range of what may have been called the necessaries of life, being much narrower than at present.

Now, the care of the fowls, the milking, care of the milk, the churning of the cream, and the care of the butter and cheese, mainly devolved on the wife and children, the milking of from two to six cows, summer and winter, being no small matter. It should be remembered in this connection, that modern improvements in household appliances, in churns, etc., have done much to lighten the labors of housekeepers, in contrast with those in vogue in the early days.

In a majority of instances, the wife and mother was the first to vacate her bed in the morning, the last to go to it at night, often sitting up late, sewing, mending, doing any kind of household work that could be done at that late hour, while the greater part of the care of the sick children devolved on her, taxing her skill and ingenuity in the curing and use of "roots and herbs" to be employed in this way; the doctors not being near, even if the money could have been afforded with which to pay them. These mothers were far more useful than many supposed, and are entitled to a great deal of respect and grateful remembrance on the part of the children and grandchildren, so far as they still survive these pains-taking and self-sacrificing mothers of the olden time.

* * *

What to Wear.

"The spring styles are eccentric," the fashion magazines tell us. We are reviving the customs of our grandmothers, in short waists, full skirts, leg-o-mutton sleeves, etc.

"As a rule, plainness in outline at least, will be a distinguishing characteristic of the season's styles; yet so wide is the latitude allowed for the exercise of individual taste, that dresses of the past two seasons, with slight modifications of the draperies, will still be within the pale of fashion."

In the newest styles, "all drapery is dispensed with. The dresses are clinging in effect at the sides, usually finished with a gathered front breadth, the ornamentation of which is a distinctive feature of

the new gown. The skirt is finished with full, straight breadths at the back, which fall over a slight tournure, the only concession to the past. Bodices are usually continued from the skirt in unbroken lines, making a gown in princess effect, like the Directoire polonaise dresses now worn; or they are short, round Empire waists, girdled with Empire girdles, which fall in long sash ends over one side of the skirt." It is the arrangement of the girdle that makes the waist seems shorter.

Mrs. Jenness Miller, from the beginning of the publication of "Dress," urged the "gown form," and having this as a lining, the material of the dress can be arranged to suit the taste. This provides for the weight to rest upon the shoulders. It is like the princess dress that was such a favorite years ago, and even the ultra fashionable will some time adopt it, while all looking for sensible fashions will hail its advent with rejoicing.

The "skin-tight" sleeve seems to be a thing of the past, much to the comfort of the wearer. Perhaps no part of the dress needs more careful study than the sleeve, for if women must all wear the same, the coat sleeve cannot be improved upon.

Neither are we to be choked with high collars, but folds and frills, laces, velvets, ribbons, will be popular. And the mull ties, hid away in chests, can be brought out again. The old saying of "Keep a good thing, you will need it," is proven now.

Materials are of the old sort also. "The revival of alpaca, especially of the fine black "brilliantines," is a fact of the season. These new mohairs are thirty-six to forty inches wide, and begin in price at fifty cents a yard. *Moire* silk, or jet and ribbon bands, are suitable trimmings for the black brilliantines.

In combinations, "two-toned effects are sought, as gray and golden fawn, blue-gray and argent, etc.

Dress gives these colors for a red-haired woman: "If you wish to look like a very poem, buy warm, golden browns, orange tinted yellow, ruddy cream colors, with a flash as from russet leaves upon them, terra-cotta, and the whole range of such colors as are exemplified in primroses, butternuts, marigolds, tea-roses, etc. Never wear light blue."

WOMAN'S WORK.

*Condition of Working Women in American and European Cities.

"HELP MUST COME FROM WOMEN."

We have reached the day of hope for women. Traditions and the chains of custom cease to bind. All avenues are open and women are beginning to find their places. These closing years of the nineteenth century are the brightest of the world's history. The spirit of the age is the power that works for righteousness.

But even though the way is so bright, there is a dark side to the picture, as Mrs. Campbell found, after spending six months in the three representative cities of the world, New York, London, Paris. There are 200,000 women workers in New York, employed in 200 trades.

There is little skilled labor, for the majority of these workers are too ignorant to reckon, or too dull to learn. This latter class are employed in sewing, an occupation open to receive all. There are four difficulties in the way: the incompetency of the workers, the starvation prices which employers pay, the work that comes from prisons at a low rate, and also that from the country where money will buy much more than in a large city. The firms on the west side of New York pay better than those on the east, but everywhere competition sharpens, till Christian is equal to the Jew, and sometimes the Jew is better than the Christian.

As an illustration of these difficulties, one firm on Canal St. furnishes all we care to hear. At first they hired women to come to their shops to sew, but finally discovered that by sending the work to the women at their homes they could save the cost of rent. A new system was introduced by which these women pay the rent and give all the gain from cloth and thread to the manufacturers. This firm formerly paid the workers at the desk, now, however, they are given checks on a bank, where they go in long files and sit on the hard benches waiting till their turn comes, wasting their time which is their only capital.

But strange as it may seem, women as well as men, are the enemies of women. They advertise for women and girls to learn a trade, and promise good pay. Many come and work day after day in the hope of money, but none ever comes. This army of haggard, tired workers, with pinched faces and sunken eyes, is a most pitiful sight. They are too tired to accomplish any good, and we must answer how they, living in our Christian land, are no better off than the heathen to whom we send missionaries.

London presents the same sad spectacle. Our own condition is inherited from them, for the Puritans brought with them the incredible love for the almighty dollar. There are acts which limit the hours of workers, but these are disregarded by the avaricious manufacturer who takes every matter into his own hands and follows his own selfish desires. Inspectors are refused admittance, and visitors generally are looked upon as intruders. Proprietors deny that girls work

*Compiled for our magazine from an address by Miss Helen Campbell at Smith College, by Miss Virginia Forrest.

beyond hours, and if accidentally found out, say that the girls want the work. In London the day is often twelve or fourteen hours, with an hour for dinner. Often the girls work till eleven o'clock at night, and receive either nothing or from four to eight cents an hour for extra time.

Women in this condition have no strength for Unions; they do not even think what is best. Five trades in London have formed co-operative societies, but progress is at its best, slow. The past year has been worst of all. Crowds of eager faces have stood waiting to do anything that would keep them from starving. London has the very poorest quarters for her workers. There is no light, no blue sky, only mist and fog and coal gas to breathe. London does not even have the alleviation that New York finds in the breeze from the sea.

Paris is deceptive. One would at first suppose that there could not be any such degradation and want where there are broad streets and an air of leisure. But the suffering is there all the same. The little seamstress has her room on the sixth floor, lives on bread mostly, with now and then a bit of cheese or wine, or a four cent dinner at the restaurant. She never has a fire, her hands are swollen with chilblains, red and sore. Forty to fifty cents a day is the largest pay. Convent work forms a great obstacle and reduces work to the smallest pay. In the Bon Marché, one of the best firms in Paris, the hours are from eight A. M. to eight P. M.

Other cities have done more to alleviate the suffering of working women than Paris. Lyons has tried to improve the factory system, where it was found that family life was coming to be an unknown thing. Children were sent into the mills as early as possible, and all sorts of immorality follows. There are a quarter of a million lace makers in France who receive two cents an hour.

In the face of all this misery, we are led to inquire what our part can be to help decrease these burdens of woe. Philanthropy and the church cannot do it. It is we who have everything and who really deserve nothing till we have shared our blessings with others, it is we who must do the work. The instant demand is for skilled labor and for industrial schools that send out a better class of laborers. There is everywhere a mixture of hope and despair, but everywhere it is evident that help must come from women. And to this end our women must study political economy, for otherwise they cannot meet or in any way solve so deep a problem. There must be a co-operative commonwealth where the spirit of brotherhood reigns.

* * *

The Power of Love.

WOMEN IN POLICE STATIONS.

Of course we are told that no woman could manage these women, but it would seem that some one ought to be called to their assistance, and it would be well—it would be in the interest of good morals—to give them the protection of a good woman's presence, and it would be a protection to the police themselves from the foul charges often made, and which doubtless are frequently untrue. A pure woman there with her hand upon these women, could have an influence which would mean more than these men realize.

I remember very well in working this out for a certain city, the authorities said to us: "Well, if you could see one woman that comes in here three or four times a year—Old Sal!" They told me that it always took four policemen to bring her into the cell, and usually they got their faces scratched.

One morning these policemen stood there radiant, and they said:

"We have got her here this morning, and we would like to see you bring her in. If you can do that, we will not oppose you any more."

The chief said he would send two men to take care of me. I said:

"I don't want you."

So they let me go. As I came to the cell door I rapped with the key and opened the door, and there in the long, dark, narrow cell, crouched the woman, looking more like a wild beast than a woman, just ready to spring, as she was expecting the policeman, and she cried out:

"Who are you?"

"I am your friend."

"No, you are not. I haven't got any friends."

"I am," I said.

"I thought something was queer when somebody rapped at the door. I never heard that done in all the time I have been here before. Who are you, any way, a policeman?"

"No; I am a policewoman."

"Oh, I didn't know they had such things."

As I stood there beside her, I dropped my hands down upon her shoulders. I looked down into her eyes, and called her with her last name with Mrs. before it.

"Who told you that? I havenot heard it before for forty years."

I said: "You know you have got to go into court in a minute, and you are not fit to go." I began to arrange her hair. I took a pin out of my own hair; she hadn't a button, or a pin, or a fastening of any kind in her clothes; she sat there trying to hold them together, and as I tried to dress her, she said:

"Tell me what you're up to; tell me what you mean."

By and by, looking into her eyes, I said: "Do you remember the first time you were ever in a police station?"

"O God! don't I remember it?"

"How old were you?"

"I wasn't sixteen."

"How old are you now?"

"I am more than sixty."

"How many times have you been in these places?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess God don't know—it is so often."

"Look here, Sally, if I had been here that morning—do you remember how you felt?"

"Oh, I was almost scared to death. I cried all night."

"Sally, if I had been here then, and taken my hand and wiped the tears off your face, if I had put your hair up, and put my hand on your shoulders, as I have now, what would it have meant to you?"

"Oh, I would never have got back again; but nobody cared."

"Now let me tell you, Sally, I want you to do something for me. I want to get a woman to go in these places to care for the women in the way I want to help you; wouldn't you like to do it to help me?"

"I would do anything I could to help you."

"Now, the policemen say that I cannot bring you into the court, this morning."

"They don't know what you can do."

"Will you go quietly with me?"

"I will do anything that you say to me."

Then after a minute I said to her: "Sally, do you remember your mother?"

"Oh, God, don't talk about it! She's dead long ago. I suppose she died before I was seven years old."

"Was she a good mother to you, Sally?"

"The best that a child ever had."

"Did she ever pray with you, Sally?"

"Oh, don't! You will kill me if you talk about it."

"Sally, I am going to pray with you." And with my hands upon her poor head, stroking down the poor face, I lifted up my voice to Him who is not willing that she should perish, that any should perish. Oh, how pleasant she seemed to us that morning! She said:

"I feel like another woman."

"They are calling us now, we must go. You will remember what you have promised?"

"I will remember."

"Will you take my arm, or shall I take yours?"

She looked me over and said:

"Well, I am about three times as large as you are; I guess you'd better take mine."

So we went into court. They said they would have cheered us if it had been proper. A policeman swore a round oath, and said I had bewitched Sally, but some one keener than the policeman, said: "She has a touch of the Master."
—*Mrs. J. K. Barney.*

* * *

Woman's Relation to Society through the Grange.

FLORENCE M. KIMBALL.

"No Grange shall be organized to exist without woman," was the emancipation of the women of the farm. Something more than a silent appreciation of this compliment is demanded of us. The limitless opportunities the Grange presents to women, if seized upon, may convert the social covent of the isolated farm-house into a charming resting place, where youth and age may find pure pleasures, and more satisfying enjoyments, than the busy centers of life afford. The resources of the Order are so varied, that every taste may be gratified. Has she a love of literary labor? A broad field opens before her, in which she should work to instruct the fathers, mothers and children of the farm. Do her domestic traits predominate? The numberless observations and experiments she is constantly making, should be carefully gathered for "the good of the Order," to communicate to her Sisters on Grange day, thus helping the inexperienced to attain to her own exalted standard of domestic life. The most trifling duty, if it contains the germ of a new thought, should not be overlooked, for, "He who seeks to pluck the stars, may lose the jewels at his feet." Has she a soul attuned to harmony? The Grange choir offers her the gladdest pastime, and the sweet songs may be brought to the family hearthstone, and many a dark winged care banished by them, while the lisping voice of childhood joins in the sacred work of home-making.

Is she imbued with a spirit of devotion? The spiritual wants of her nature are not forgotten. Does she delight in merry-making? The festival days overflow with gladness, and the otherwise dull routine of farm work is so broken by them, that the wear and grind of perpetual toil is softened and made light. Has sorrow laid its heavy hand upon her? Fraternal hearts enfold her in their sympathies. Does she lack that knowledge so essential to guide over the rough places that all find on the road of life? Every Grange has its members qualified to advise and aid. And while she reaps a spiritual and material harvest of others' experiences, every matron in turn is pledged to contribute from her store of knowledge, for the good of others. This is the highest form of co-operation, and every one, however humble, has capital to invest.

"The smallest wave of influence set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore."

EDITOR'S NOTES.

Straws.

A friend in Illinois sends us a bit of experience from Wyoming:

A lady from that Territory was visiting in her town, and one evening, when calling upon her, the mail was brought in. Excusing herself for a few moments, she returned with two ballots that (are supposed to) "execute the freeman's will, as lightnings do the will of God," saying gaily, "Only see, here are two tickets in which Espie has marked the names of the men for whom she voted, and I, alas, have lost my vote." I asked, "Do you vote as a family at your house, Mrs. W?" "Oh dear, no! I suppose nothing would induce James to vote other than the straight Republican ticket, but he always wants Epsie and I to vote for the *best men!*" And the girlish little mother went over the names one by one, commenting as she did so, on each. "Yes, Espie has marked this one. He is a good man," and so on through the list, usually commending her daughter's vote, though occasionally saying she would have voted for a different one, always adding for a reason, the man's devotion to principle.

Another friend bids exultant adieu to city life, lays aside her pen for awhile, and enters upon a new field of labor upon a farm. This is how it looks to her now, and we say in advance of what she may write us by and by, that if there is any sweetness or joy in life, she will glean it for herself, and pass it on for others:

"I have longed to answer some of the country writers who complain of being so busy they can't even watch a dandelion bloom. I passed part of one summer on a farm (of 100 acres) and watched with interest the daily routine of that bugbear—a farmer's wife's life.

My city notions of timing one's actions to train-time, were all the time being overturned, and I was *horrified*, actually, at the leisurely way the mail matter was treated. I was interested in watching, also, three other wives, the only ones in our neighborhood. Then I came back to Boston. The little wife in the flat above us, arose at five, to get her husband's breakfast for him to get to his work by seven—he was a frescoer, in good demand, was at Melrose just then at work, would be in some other place after that. She saw nothing more of him till he came home, tired with the long day, by half past eight, or nearer nine. What did she see of her husband, excepting Sunday? Her two little children had to play about the rooms, there was not one inch of yard room. How I longed for a farm for them.

We have a thirty acre farm, to raise poultry. We shall be able to see each other at any time through all the day, when needed or desired. I have left the feverish hurry of the daily paper, have run for the ferry boat for the last time, have eaten breakfast watching the clock, have eaten lunch in office with watch in hand for the last time for the present; I hope for all time."

* * *

Chats from the Chimney Corner.

Our good Dr. Hanaford is giving us some excellent papers on woman's work of long ago, and we are by them forcibly reminded that the generation of these "early mothers" is swiftly passing, that they are grandmothers with silvery hair, and cannot long be with us. Each has some memory of early incidents, or now forgotten ways of doing work, and we will set apart some space in our magazine for this use, if the "early mothers and fathers" who read our pages, will have them written for us. Tell us about your quiltings and husking bees, your wedding outfits, your housekeeping, your going to a neighbor's to borrow coals, how you baked cornpones, *just how*, and made honey preserves when sugar was so dear; how at school you studied out loud; how the chimneys were built, and the log-cabins, what you wore for Sunday dresses, what you had for carpets and wall paper, and the many adornments of our homes to-day. The world knows these things in a general way, but to have them in print for future generations would be useful indeed

Magazines.

Scribner has rich illustrations of Mt. St. Elias, with an account of the climbing by William Williams. The engravings are made from the author's sketches. We are sure ours is the easier part,—to read about it. Mrs. James T. Fields gives "A Second Shelf of Old Books," in a delightful manner. The paper is full of faces and letters, and curious inscriptions, and tells of Dr. John Brown, Lord Byron, Burns, Scott. One could not select from treasured words anything more significant than the request of Lord Byron, on the fly leaf of Don Juan, that if reprint is made, it should be of this copy and that "the publisher and printer, will in future—*less* misspell—missplace—mistake—and mis—everything the humbled M S. S. of their humble servant." This was in 1821. So the craft were held to blame then as now for all errors of wretched chirography.

It was in 1884 that *St. Nicholas* brought out that most popular serial of Mrs. Burnett's, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," that has since been dramatized with such great success. The April number gives us the portrait and sketch of the little girl who represents Cedric in the drama, Elsie Leslie Lyde. Not yet ten years old, she has proved a wonder and delight to all, and has, in a remarkable degree, the very characteristics of the child who saw only love in the old Earl's heart. Elsie is the first actor in the family, but there have been "some writers and many clergymen," the narrator says. She herself "*longs* to be an author," and says, "I *wish* I could write." Her definition of friends are that they are "trustable." May we hope she will make all her hearers more trustable, and give them something of her own yearning toward the pure and good.

Books.

PEN PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST: by the Rev. John Cullen, A. M., Vicar of Radcliffe-on-Trent; Published in London, by R. D. Dickinson, 89 Farringdon St., E. C.

There is always a charm about a new book. It brings a breath of the busy office, the click of types, the roll of presses, the touch of hands in binding. And farther back we go, to the weaver of the thoughts into words, and the coming of the thoughts themselves. In the case of this book, Mr. Cullen has walked with the Christ of over 18,000 year ago, until from every period of his life, some event or cluster of events, have made indelible the pen with which he drew for us the picture. There are four short chapters, each prefaced with the verses on the subject. These "pictures" are varied, and a part treat of the relation of humanity to Christ, as, "Christians shine in the light of Christ." He says, "Men light candles or lamps for the sake of the light which they give; and so, when God lights a Christian, He does so that *he* may let his light shine before men." In "The Transfiguration of Christ," he emphasizes the influence of prayer, how as Christ prayed, "the fashion of his countenance was altered." Alas! how many things do some people's faces tell of, beside prayer!" In the "picture" of Mary, annointing the feet of Christ, he says, "A fragrance filled the house, and arrested the attention of all present. Love, working in secret, made itself known by the sweet savor of its actions. The violet, that grows beneath your feet, fills the air with fragrance; and the kind and gentle deeds of love, which are done in secret, sweeten the lives of many, and bless the community at large."

NOW AND THEN

AN EPISODE OF 1888.

A tramp comes to the Park, but finds no empty seat. He says he is tired, has come a long way. No one moves. Going up to some finely dressed gentlemen, he says, " When I was in Jacksonville—(all the seats are vacated in an instant, and he is left in possession of the entire Park.)

Faith is the pencil of the soul that pictures Heavenly Things.—*T. Durbridge.*

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.—*Francis Quarles.*

" How old are you, my litile man?" asked a gentleman of a little tot that was less than four years of age. " I'm not old at all," was the child's reply, " I'm almost new."

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.—*Smiles.*

Twilight, the birth of day and night, is the tenderest child of nature, and while it lives but a breath, is a thing of beauty most serene.

" What is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy. " My name's Jule," was the reply. Whereupon the teacher impressively said, " You should have said ' Julius, sir.' And now, my lad," turning to another boy, " what is your name?" " Bilious, sir."

A little boy not long ago was asked, on his return from Sunday school, if he remembered the Golden Text. "Yes'm," he replied promptly, "It's 'Hold a grater to Solomon's ear."

It must have been this boy's little sister who, when older heads were trying to remember the text, said, " I know it. It was, ' Mercy! Goodness! my cup's tipped over.' "

How Freddie Tried to Save Two Hours.

A writer in one of the papers tells of an effort on the part of a lively little fellow to organize his daily doings so as to get two hours' extra fun, but failed somehow, to find them: My little nephew ran across somewhere a paragraph which said that anybody could save at least two hours of wasted time a day by running on a time-table. Freddy brought the clipping to me, and asked what it meant. I told him that I supposed it meant that a person could save two hours a day by having all his work or amusement planned and arranged beforehand—such and such a thing to be done at such a time, and another thing following directly after, and so on.

Freddie seemed so much interested that I advised him to make out a time-table for himself, and try running on it for a few days. He said he guessed he would, because two extra hours a day would be a great help to him in learning to strike out the fellers, and possibly would get him the coveted position of pitcher in the school nine. In a day or two he submitted the following to me:

A. M.

6.45 to seven—Gettin' up.
5 to 7.30—Bath and gettin' reddy for brekfus.
7.30 to 8—Brekfus.
8 to 8.20—Prairs.
8.20 to 8.30—Hard study.
8.30—Start fer skool.
9—Get there (a fellar must have sum fun in life).
9 to 10.30—Study and resite.
10.30 to 10.45—Reses (out to be longer).
10.45 to 12—Study and resite.

P. M.

12 to 12.15—Goin' fer lunch.
12.15 to 12.30—Eatin' it.
12.30 to 1—Sloos of things. Playin' ball mosly.
1 to 3—Skool agen. Tuffest part of the day.
3—Skool over. Fun begins.
3 to 6—Baseball, Bisickle ridin', Goin' to walk (sumtimes with a gurl). Slidin' and skatin' in winter. Flyin' kite. Botherin' the dog. Penuts. Goin' to ride with pa. Shoppin' with ma (wen I don't know it beforehand). Kandy. In bad wether readin'. Sloos of other things.
6 to 7—Dinner (grate time fer me).
7 to 7.30—Nothin' much. Don't feel like it.
7.30 to 8—Pa gets dun with paper, an' reads sunthin' alowd.
8—Sez I must begin to study.
8 to 8.15—Kickin' aginst it.
8.15 to 9.15—Study.
9.15—Gwup to bed.
9.15 to 9.35—Windin' Waterbury watch.
9.35 to 9.45—Undressin' and gettin' into bed.
9 45 till mornin'—Grate big times with dreems, but a feller can't stop to enjoy them much. Wonder wy dreems can't hang on more like reel things?

P. S.—Ware do thos' two extry 'ours cum in?

A little girl in the public school, the other day, when asked by her teacher to explain the difference between climate and weather, replied: " Climate is what we have with us all the time, but weather only lasts a few days."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"Vitality is Life."

The Lynn, Mass., *Transcript* of recent date published nearly a column of investigation among the citizens of that enterprising city, as to the value of Lougee's Vitalizing Compound, and showed that there were over thirty remarkable cases of cures by its use of diseases arising from bad blood, such as Scrofula, Humors, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. What is more, it gave the names, residence and full particulars, some of which were a little short of miracles, and in over twenty of the cases affidavits were made of the correctness of the statements. It is invaluable as a first-class blood remedy and should be used this month and next. It can be found at GEO. A. BRIGGS & CO.

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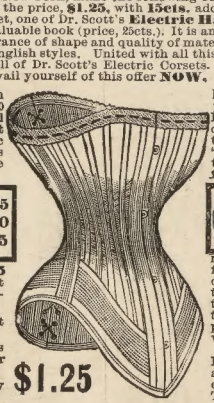

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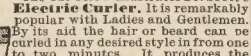

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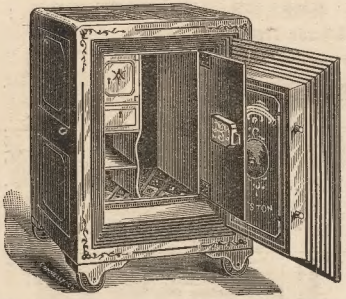

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Gentlemen;—This is to certify that I have been using a No. 6 E. C. Morris & Co. safe. It was in the most terrible fire this town has ever known. On the night of the 25th inst., the safe was subjected to very intense heat for 36 hours. Upon its being opened, to my surprise, I found its contents in perfect condition, with the exception of the leather on one book which was against the wall of the safe, while the writing on every leaf was as legible and clear as when it was put in. I also found machine twist, needles, papers, &c., in good, clear condition. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit, and should take pleasure in showing the books, etc., to any one who would like to see them. I have this day purchased another of the same size.

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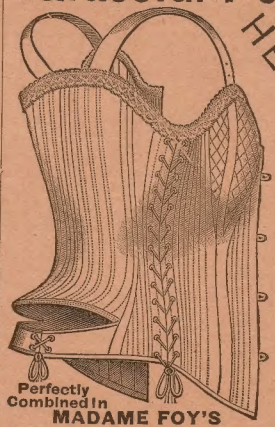

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